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CAPTURE OF DAVIS.

A PICKED company of WILSON'S command captured JEFFERSON DAVIS on the morning of May 10, at Irwinsville, Georgia. The company was commanded by Colonel PRITCHARD, of the Fourth Michigan. The following is General WILSON'S dispatch announcing the capture:

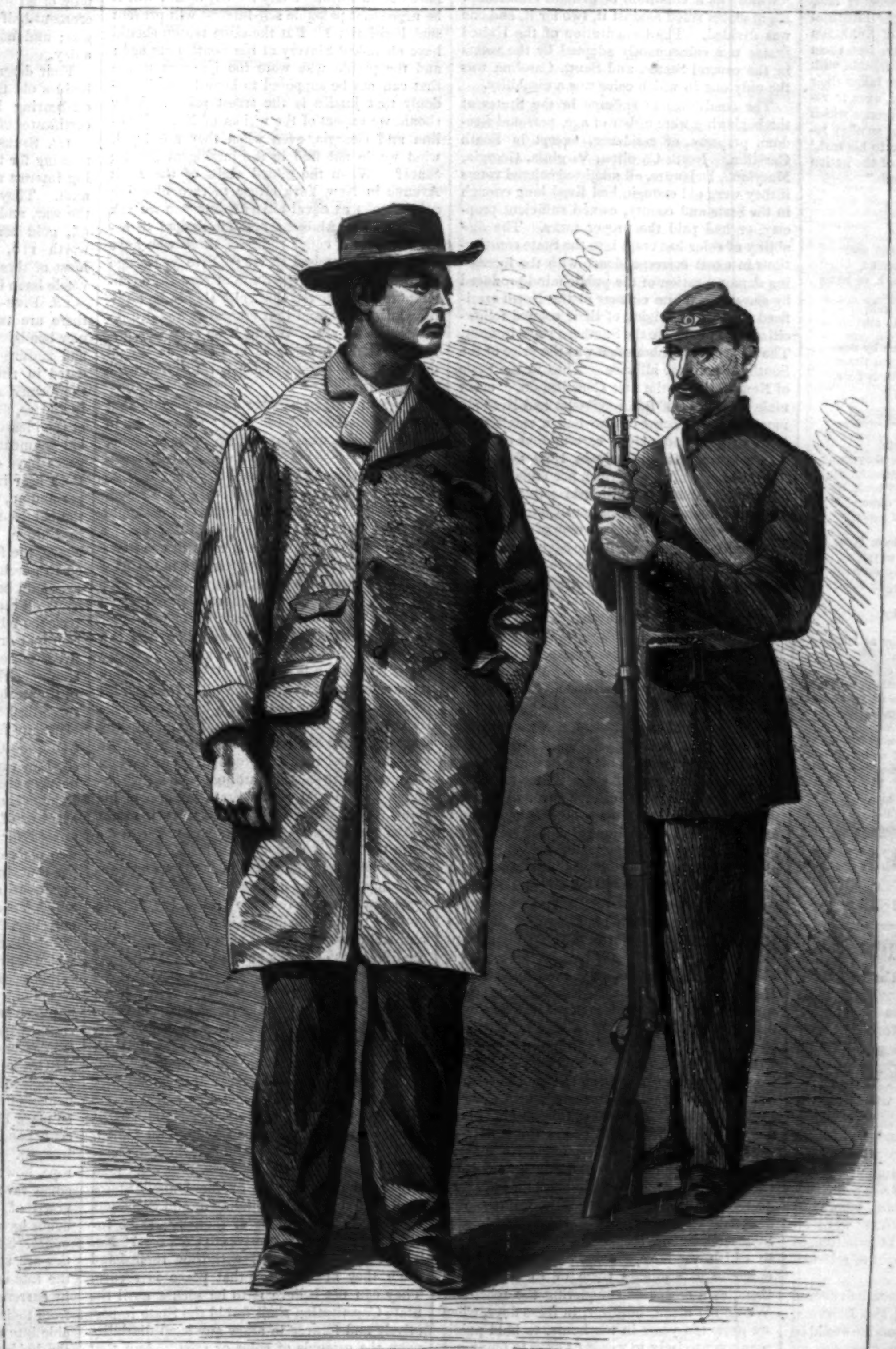
MACON, GA., 9.30 A.M., *May* 12, 1865.
Hon. E. M. Stanton, Sec. of War:

Lieut.-Colonel HARDEN, commanding the First Wisconsin, has just arrived from Irwinsville. He struck the trail of DAVIS at Dublin, Laurens County, on the evening of the 7th, and followed him closely, night and day, through the pine wilderness of Alligator Creek and Green Swamps, *via* Cumberlandsville to Irwinsville. At Cumberlandsville Colonel HARDEN met Colonel PRITCHARD, with 150 picked men and horses of the Fourth Michigan. HARDEN followed the trail directly south, while PRITCHARD, having fresher horses, pushed down the Ocmulgee toward Hopewell, and thence by House Creek to Irwinsville, arriving there at midnight of the 9th. JEFF DAVIS had not arrived. From a citizen PRITCHARD learned that his party were encamped two miles out of the town. He made dispositions of his men, and surrounded the camp before day. HARDEN had camped at 9 P.M. within two miles, as he afterward learned, from DAVIS. The trail being too indistinct to follow, he pushed on at 3 A.M., and had gone but little more than one mile when his advance was fired upon by men of the Fourth Michigan. A fight ensued, both parties exhibiting the greatest determination. Fifteen minutes elapsed before the mistake was discovered. The firing in this skirmish was the first warning that DAVIS received. The captors report that he hastily put on one of his wife's dresses and started for the woods, closely followed by our men, who at first thought him a woman, but seeing his boots while he was running, they suspected his sex at once. The race was a short one, and the rebel President was soon brought to bay. He brandished a bowie-knife and showed signs of battle, but yielded promptly to the persuasions of COLT'S revolvers, without compelling the men to fire. He expressed great indignation at the energy with which he was pursued, saying that he had believed our Government were too magnanimous to hunt down women and children. Mrs. DAVIS remarked to Colonel HARDEN, after the excitement was over, that the men had better not provoke the President, or "he might hurt some of 'em." REAGAN behaves himself with dignity and resignation. The party, evidently, were making for the coast.

J. H. WILSON,
Brevet Major-General.

The captured party included DAVIS'S family, with REAGAN, Postmaster-General; Colonel HARRISON, Private Secretary; Colonel JOHNSON, Aid-de-Camp; Col. MORRIS, Colonel LUBBICK, Lieut. HATHAWAY, and others.

Less than five years ago Brevet Major-General JAMES H. WILSON, the captor of JEFFERSON DAVIS, was a cadet at West Point. He was born in Southern Illinois, about the year 1840. He was made Second Lieutenant at the beginning of the war, to date from June 10, 1861. He occupied the position of Chief of Engineers on the Staff of General T. W. SHERMAN in the expedition to Hilton Head, South Carolina. In the operations against Pulaski he rendered valuable service in finding a passage for gun-boats drawing ten feet of water and clear of the guns of the fort. This enabled our troops to establish a battery at Venus Point. Lieut. WILSON remained in the Department of the South, conspicuously engaged on engineer duty until the summer of 1862, when he served for a short time as aid to General M'CLELLAN. On November 8, 1862, he was appointed Assistant Inspector-General, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of Volunteers, and assigned to General GRANT, by whom he was for several months assigned to duty on the staff of Major-General JAMES B. M'PHERSON. During the operations in Mississippi and against Vicksburg Colonel WILSON was again conspicuous for his engineering skill; and in the brilliant victories of General GRANT, in the vicinity of Chattanooga, won the official commendation of General W. F. SMITH, with whom he was then acting. On December 31, 1863, he was nominated Brigadier-General of Volunteers, to date from October 30, 1863, and was confirmed May 12, 1864, upon the recommendation of Lieutenant-General GRANT. In January, 1864, General WILSON was appointed chief of the Cavalry Bureau in Washington. In April following he was assigned to the command of the Third Division Cavalry Corps, Major-General SHERIDAN, Army of the Potomac. During General GRANT'S Virginia campaign he acted independently, to the right and rear of the army, to destroy railroads. He also covered the rear from Coal Harbor to the south side of the James River. In June and the beginning of July he conducted a raid south of Richmond, destroying the railroads and throwing the enemy in a great state of alarm. After the necessity of cavalry operations in the vicinity of Richmond and Petersburg had passed, General WILSON was transferred to the Shenandoah Valley, where he added to his reputation as an efficient officer. For distinguished service he was breveted Major-General of Volunteers, to date from October 5, 1864. During the winter he was transferred to the Department of the Cumberland, and by Gen. THOMAS was placed in command of the cavalry corps of the Army of the Cumberland. On March 23, 1865, General WILSON started from Chickasaw, Alabama, with his troops well mounted and equipped. After routing RODDY at Monticello, he moved on and annihilated the combined forces of FORREST, LYON, and CHALMERS, under FORREST, and occupied Selma, Alabama, on April 2. Thence he moved on to Montgomery, thence swept across Georgia, reaching Savannah on April 28, having marched at least six hundred and fifty miles.



LEWIS PAYNE THE ASSASSIN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

PAYNE THE ASSASSIN.

IN regard to LEWIS PAYNE, the assassin who entered Secretary SEWARD'S sick room and inflicted upon him and his son wounds intended to prove fatal, little is yet publicly known. We publish his portrait on this page. Apparently he was a hired assassin dispatched from Canada. He is said to be an outlaw from Kentucky, and to have been concerned in the St. Albans raid and other schemes of murder and arson concocted in Canada. He was captured at Mrs. SURRATT'S house in the disguise of a laboring man.

The course of the trial now going on at Washington will develop the biography of PAYNE—if indeed that be his real name. This trial has for its principal object not merely the conviction of PAYNE and ATZEROT, and the other tools of this base plot, but the disclosure of an extensive conspiracy. The agents in Richmond, and those in Canada, commissioned from Richmond—*who* they are, *what* they have attempted, and by what means—are the central objects about which this great trial revolves. It was for this reason that some parts of the testimony was given in secret, in order that no warning might be given to those thus implicated. It was for this reason that so much care was necessarily taken to prevent any but loyal men from pleading as counsel. But the history of this trial is yet to be written. The infernal schemes for murdering and plundering peaceful citizens, and even for burning down crowded places of amusement over the heads of defenseless women and children, and the plots for torturing and starving our prisoners, will no doubt be found but parts and parcels of the gigantic crime of treason which culminated in the murder of our President and the attempt to assassinate his Cabinet.

FORT MAHONE.

WE give on page 324 an illustration of the capture of Fort Mahone, commonly known as Fort "Damnation," by the Ninth Army Corps, early in the morning of April 3.—The charge was as impetuous as its conduct was skillful. The *chevaux de frise*, which was broken through by the furious onset of the national troops, was, after the capture of the fort, carried over to the other side, so as to form a protection against an attempt on the part of the rebels to recapture the work. The troops were thus enabled to hold the fort until the arrival of reinforcements.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S BURIAL.

IT was on a beautiful May day that President LINCOLN was buried at Oak Ridge, Springfield. At noon the remains were brought from the State House in the same hearse which had carried LYON and THOMAS H. BENTON to their graves. The hearse was surmounted by a beautiful crown of flowers. From the portico, as the procession advanced, a chorus of hundreds of voices sang the hymn—

> "Children of the heavenly King,
> Let us journey as we sing."

The Funeral Procession was under the immediate direction of General HOOKER. The President's tomb is two miles from Springfield. A dirge was sung; and after the reading of Scripture, a prayer, and a hymn, the President's second Inaugural was read. A dirge succeeded, when Bishop SIMPSON delivered the funeral oration. It was in the highest degree eloquent and patriotic.

"We have," says a correspondent of the *Times*, "followed the remains of President Lincoln from Washington, the scene of his assassination, to Springfield, his former home, and now to be his final resting-place. He had been absent from this city ever since he left it in February, 1861, for the national capital, to be inaugurated as President of the United States. We have seen him lying in state in the Executive mansion, where the obsequies were attended by numerous mourners, some of them clothed with the highest public honors and responsibilities which our republican institutions can bestow, and by the diplomatic representatives of foreign governments. We have followed the remains from Washington through Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Indianapolis, and Chicago to Springfield—a distance in circuit of 1500 or 1800 miles. On the route millions of people have appeared to manifest, by every means of which they are capable, their deep sense of the public loss, and their appreciation of the many virtues which adorned the life of Abraham Lincoln. All classes, without distinction of politics or creeds, spontaneously united in the posthumous honors. All hearts seemed to beat as one at the bereavement; and, now funeral processions are ended, our mournful duty of escorting the mortal remains of Abraham Lincoln hither is performed. We have seen them deposited in the tomb. The bereaved friends, with subdued and grief-stricken hearts, have taken their adieu and turn their faces homeward, ever to remember the affecting and impressive scenes which they have witnessed. The injunction, so often repeated on the way, 'Bear him gently to his rest,' has been obeyed, and the great heart of the nation throbs heavily at the portals of the tomb."

THE HOME CALL.

Bring home the battle-flags, all stained and torn
With bursting shell and grimy battle smoke,
The flags that through the fierce fight ye have borne
Amid the hissing lead, the sabre's stroke,
And place them on each waiting armory wall,
That they may speak of the great past to all.

Bring home your muskets, stand them one by one
In the vast arsenals, and then leave them there,
The glorious work which called them forth is done,
The din of war is no more in the air;
The battle-echoes fade and fade away,
And Peace is dawning on a broader day.

Bring back the cannon, let the spider spin
Her thin-laced web within them where they stand,
No more their throats shall wake with dreadful din
The drowsy hamlets of our wide-spread land,
Or cast them into bells that ne'er shall cease
To fill the air with sweet-toned notes of peace.

Bring home the leathern knapsacks ye have borne
With bending backs along the dusty ways,
The mounted cross-belts ye've so proudly worn;
A new light shines from brighter, happier days,
The cloud of war is swiftly passing by,
And once again the sun shines in the sky.

Bring back your swords, and lay them by at home;
Ah, is it not a proud, a noble thought
To know your children in the years to come
Shall point to these and say, "Our fathers fought!"
Bring back your swords, and hang them on your walls,
To grasp again whene'er your country calls.

Come home, ye veterans; welcome, welcome home!
"Come," say the lips of mothers and of wives;
Your children's joyous voices echo "Come!"
We thank the God of Battles for your lives;
And now the morning dawning on the night
Breaks in the future beautiful and bright.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Saturday, May 27, 1865.

THE MAIN QUESTION.

THE late Chief Justice of the United States, Roger B. Taney, will be forever infamous for endeavoring, under the solemn sanction of the highest court in the land, to work that utter demoralization of public opinion which would have made Jefferson Davis's crimes unnecessary, even for his own purposes. The present Chief Justice, Salmon P. Chase, will be forever honored as the first eminent public man who has proposed that policy which will render all future crimes like Davis's abortive. In a letter read at the twelfth American Congregational Reunion in Brooklyn Chief Justice Chase writes: "I would like to say to the Christians who shall assemble at your reunion an earnest word on the present great national duty of granting to the freedmen of the South the right of self-protection by the ballot."

President Johnson also, in a speech delivered in Baltimore before the death of Mr. Lincoln, after saying that to save the Union he would be willing to sink the whole African race, was interrupted by a voice in the crowd which said, "Don't do that, Governor, give them the ballot;" to which Mr. Johnson instantly replied, "Yes, and I would do that, too!" Last week, when a deputation of colored men waited upon him, the President said, in his reply, that he had always maintained that the slaves had as much right to be free as those who claimed them as property, and that freedom means liberty to work and enjoy the fruit of your own toil, "in its most extensive sense." That is to say, freedom is the right to be protected in the fulfillment of all the relations of citizens exactly as other men are. For no man has the liberty to work and enjoy the fruits of work, in its most extensive sense, who is the victim of disabilities which are not imposed upon other free men.

In this country, where the Government rightfully exists by the consent of the governed, every man has an equal right to a share in political power. Suffrage for colored Americans is, therefore, not a privilege for which we plead—it is a right which, as American citizens, we consistently demand. Nor is the claim of this right vitiated by any traditional and uniform exclusion of colored citizens from the ballot-box. Mr. Justice Curtis, in his masterly opinion dissenting from that of Chief Justice Taney in the Dred Scott case, distinctly declares that, in his opinion, it is untrue that the Continental Congress intended to say that the white race exclusively were endowed with the natural rights asserted in the Declaration of Independence. It is from these rights that our political rights spring. And that there may be no doubt that the fathers did not mean to make color a political disqualification, it is enough to cite the action of Congress on the 25th of June, 1778, when, in discussing the articles of Confederation, South Carolina, always Tory and aristocratic, proposed the insertion of the word "white" as a condition of general citizenship. Eight states voted against it, two for it, and one was divided. The Constitution of the United States was subsequently adopted by the voters in the several States, and South Carolina was the only one in which color was a disability.

The conditions of suffrage in the States at the beginning were either of age, personal freedom, property, or residence, except in South Carolina. North Carolina, Virginia, Georgia, Maryland, Delaware, all admitted colored voters if they were old enough, had lived long enough in the State and county, owned sufficient property, or had paid the proper taxes. The disability of color has crept into the State constitutions in exact correspondence with the increasing demoralization of the public mind produced by slavery. White citizens at the North sacrificed the political rights of their colored fellow-citizens to propitiate the Southern slave interest. The most abject submission was the price of the Southern political alliance. Thus in the State of New York, by the first Constitution, "every male inhabitant of full age," who had lived six months in the county, who had a small freehold, or who had paid a certain rent or taxes was a voter. It was only in 1820 that New York condescended to tarnish her fame by making a man's complexion vitiate his natural rights; and the provision in her present Constitution of 1846, which decrees that "no man of color" shall vote unless he has lived in the State three times longer than is required of any other citizen and has paid a tax which others are not obliged to pay, is as absolute and arbitrary a violation of the principle of our Government as if it declared that no man between the ages of forty and forty-five should have the right of voting. Complexion is no more an actual disability than red hair. Habitual drunkenness *is* a disability; yet it does not disqualify.

We may add that slavery was not satisfied with restricting or destroying the political equality of colored citizens in the free States. But the laws passed in some of these States to protect the personal liberty of colored men, to prevent the native free inhabitants of Wisconsin and Massachusetts from being kidnapped by James M. Mason and his confederates and sold in Virginia and elsewhere as slaves, was among the pretenses for rebellion which Mason and his party put forth, at the South, and which were alleged in extenuation of treason by Mason's political allies at the North. The political franchise of colored citizens is no new thing. It is older than the Constitution of the United States. If we are startled by the suggestion now, our surprise is only an evidence of the terrible thralldom in which we have been held by the slave power.

But aside from the undoubted original right, it is enough to urge the voting of the blacks at the South upon President Johnson's own ground. Political enfranchisement is indispensable in order to secure to the late slaves the liberty to work and live, "in its most extensive sense." The white population at the South have been educated in a contempt for colored men of every degree as an inferior race. Mr. Johnson undoubtedly expressed exactly the general Border State feeling about them in his Baltimore speech, to which we have alluded. He was willing either to exterminate them or to enfranchise them, as a means of conquering the rebellion. We do not mean, however, in these days, when we grow ten years in ten hours, to hold public men too precisely to words or even to opinions; and Frederick Douglass is doubtless right in saying that it was only Mr. Johnson's way of expressing a preference for his own color. We merely mention the fact to illustrate the universal feeling of men who have been educated amidst the influences of slavery.

If this be so, and the political power in the late insurrectionary States be intrusted exclusively to the whites, the colored population will be left entirely at the mercy of those who have always regarded them with contempt, and who doubtless feel bitterly toward them as the real cause of the war which has desolated the South. If colored men are not to be enfranchised, it may be made a penal offense in the reorganized States to teach them to read. They may be deprived of the right to testify in courts of law, and any villain may enter the house of a colored man, may commit what atrocity he will, if only in presence of the family, and go unscathed. The colored men may be forbidden to bear arms; to attend church; to sit upon juries. Their wages may be restricted. There is no enormity whatever of which they may not be made the victims, if they are not to be enfranchised. If the sole, final law in the State is to be the will of those who are unfriendly to them, it is doubtful whether mere emancipation is an advantage. And as men of practical wisdom, knowing history and human nature, we have no right to refuse, while we have the power, to secure to the Southern freedmen the right to work and enjoy, "in its most extensive sense."

Is it said that it is foolish to suppose the white citizens would lay the black under disabilities? Why so? Are those who were perfectly willing to sell other men's children likely to shrink from forbidding those men to learn to read or to bear arms? Are those who were willing that others should be made to work for nothing too humane to say that they shall have only a shilling a day? Or, again, will it be urged that palpable self-interest will prevent such legislation? But the same reason should have abolished Slavery at the South long ago; and the people who were too ignorant to see that can not be supposed to have learned suddenly that justice is the truest policy. Why should we expect of the whites of North Carolina and Georgia, even when they are loyal, what we do not find in the intelligent Empire State? When the gilded clubs of the Fifth Avenue in New York refuse to recognize free colored men as equal citizens, how can we ask the hovels of Alabama and Mississippi to acknowledge the equal rights of those who have been always despised slaves? Five years ago the white citizens of the State of New York contemptuously declared that color should be a political disability, and that ignorance and drunkenness should not. Would it be very wonderful that the white citizens of Louisiana should declare that color shall be a bar to knowledge or to high wages?

If we are asked whether it is probable that the people of New York would wish to do in South Carolina what they refused to do at home, we reply that five years have undoubtedly opened their eyes and hearts, and that they *will* do it at home whenever the opportunity is offered. And even if we thought otherwise we should have no doubt what they ought to do; for the same principle that makes it right in one State justifies it in all. The opportunity is not now given to us to decide the question in New York; but it is in the late rebel States, through our Senators and Representatives. The colored citizens at the South are more than half the governed. In South Carolina a large majority of the population is colored. We have no more right to abandon them to the will of the whites because their color has been a badge of servility than we have arbitrarily to disfranchise the whites because their color has been a sign of treason. And if the representatives of a State organization in South Carolina, which disfranchised any citizen of the State because of his color, should claim seats in Congress, it would be the plainest duty of Congress to refuse to receive them until a republican form of government should be established in South Carolina.

If any opponent of this view should retreat upon the assertion that the United States have nothing to do with suffrage in a State—that the national Government can not even prescribe the qualifications of voters at the national elections—we remind him of the simple fact that none of the insurrectionary States will ever again be organized except upon the terms that the United States ordain. Not a man will vote in Virginia or Carolina by any other authority than that of the United States. According to a doctrine which was proclaimed rather truculently at one time, whenever what was called active rebellion ceased in a State, the State was at once restored with all its privileges to the Union. Active rebellion has ceased in Virginia, in Georgia, in South Carolina. Does any sane man propose that the forces of the United States shall be immediately withdrawn, and the voters under the Constitutions of those States be invited to send Representatives to Congress? No. The United States will withdraw their hand when they are satisfied that peace is secure. They can not believe it to be secure until the State Constitution shall forbid the State imperatively and forever to allow any legal disability upon the grounds of color or race. And that result should be secured by an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, making every native and properly naturalized citizen, if unconvicted of crime, a voter. After that the "Negro question" will take care of itself.

When more than half the adult male population of the late rebel States are enfranchised they will instantly appear to be as good as any body. The "natural antipathy" will vanish. They will be courted as much as they are now contemned. Their most sweet voices will be wooed by demagogues as obsequiously as those of ignorant foreigners are now. We shall hear Fernando Wood assert that his life-long aim has been the restoration of his fellow-citizens of African descent to the rights so long and wickedly withheld; and the Honorable August Belmont declare that, as a free-born American, he has cherished no hope so dear as the enfranchisement of his fellow-countrymen of every color.

President Johnson says that freedom is the right to work and enjoy the fruits of toil in the most extensive sense. That means political as well as personal liberty.

OUR DEBT AND SPECIE PAYMENTS.

The second series of the Seven-Thirty loan has been exhausted—in other words, the people of the United States have subscribed, in forty-five days, including Sundays and holidays, three hundred millions of dollars in support of their Government. History may be ransacked in vain for a parallel.

England stood aghast with amazement when the French nation, stirred by all the appliances of imperial menace and bureaucratic intrigue, offered the Emperor 750,000,000 francs, or $150,000,000, for the war in Italy. A bagatelle of $150,000,000 has been lent our Government half a score of times since our war began; and now we are tendering $30,000,000 a day.

Four descriptions of United States Bonds—besides old five and six per cent. Bonds, interest-bearing legal-tender Treasury Notes, and certificates of indebtedness—are now in market.

1st. Sixes of 1881. These are long bonds, running for twenty years from 1861, and bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum. They were issued at the beginning of the war, and many of them were sold at 91 @ 94, gold being then at par. They are now worth 110, or excluding interest, say 106¼. Most of these bonds are held in Europe. The whole issue is $282,561,000.

2d. Five-Twenty Bonds. Of these bonds there are two descriptions, known as old and new bonds. The old bonds are dated in 1862, and mature in 1867–'82. The new bonds are dated in 1863, and mature in 1868–'83. Of the former, $510,545,000 are in existence; of the latter, $86,000,000. Both are redeemable at the pleasure of the United States at maturity, but payment can not be demanded until twenty years have elapsed from the date of the bond. Both bear interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually in gold. Of the old five-twenties, a large proportion are held in Europe. When gold rose here to 250 and above, the five-twenty bonds, which were offered to purchasers at par in legal-tender currency, could be laid down in Europe at 35 @ 40 cents on the dollar. Our English friends, who took the rebel cotton loan (now offered at 13 per cent.) at or near par in gold, would not touch five-twenties. The shrewd merchants of Amsterdam—the wisest financiers and the richest in the world—eschewed cotton rebel loans, and subscribed for $150,000,000 of five-twenties. Germany followed the example, and took from $100,000,000 to $150,000,000 more. Amsterdam can now sell its bonds at a profit of nearly 100 per cent. on the original investment; London can not realize on its cotton bonds even at a loss of 85 per cent. People here who subscribed for five-twenties at par when gold was 200 per cent. have, at present prices, made 50 per cent. in gold on their investment—no mean profit—to say nothing of the interest in gold, which has at times amounted to 15 per cent. in currency.

3d. Ten-Forty Bonds. These bonds, of which $172,770,000 are in existence, are so called because they are redeemable at the expiration of ten years, and payable forty years from date. They bear interest at the rate of five per cent., payable semi-annually in gold. These bonds were issued at the solicitation of friends of the Government, who urged that five per cent. was enough to pay for money. Agents of European bankers likewise suggested that foreigners would be more likely to place confidence in a five per cent. bond than in one bearing a higher rate of interest. Neither in this country nor in Europe, however, have the five per cent. bonds become favorites. The original issue was disposed of with difficulty, and very few of the bonds have been placed in Europe.

4th. Seven-Thirty Notes. These securities are so called because they bear interest at the rate of 7.30 per cent. per annum, payable in currency. At the expiration of three years from their date they are either payable, or fundable into new five-twenty bonds, at the wish of the holder. Of these notes few, if any, have gone abroad, and yet in a few months six hundred millions of them have been disposed of at par to the people of the United States. The second series, as we stated, has been taken up in just forty-five days. It is now announced that the third and last series authorized, consisting of $230,000,000, is offered to the public on the same terms as the two previous ones.

Our national debt it is now pretty safe to estimate at three thousand millions of dollars. There are those who believe that claims for damages, and the military and other expenses of Government, which must remain large for many years to come, will so far exceed the revenue from customs and taxes, as to render further loans indispensable. But it seems unlikely that this will be the case, at all events to any extent. All hope of successful resistance to the National authority having vanished, the

South will be as anxious for the complete restoration of peace and trade as the North, and will not be prone to put the Government to much further expense for military operations. It is safe to estimate the revenue from customs and taxes at $350,000,000. For interest on the public debt about $150,000,000 will be required. This would leave $200,000,000 for the ordinary expenses of Government—say nearly three times as much as they used to be before the war.

Three thousand millions is, of course, a very large sum of money to owe. It may be said to amount to $100 a head for every man, woman, and child in the country; the annual interest $5 a head. But Great Britain owes nearly $4,000,000,000, and has not a tithe of our resources. The debt of France, which may be set down in rough figures at $1,500,000,000, and that of Austria, $1,100,000,000, are heavier burdens, in proportion to the resources and progressive wealth of these countries, than $3,000,000,000 will prove in the United States. Dr. Elder has shown, in an elaborate paper on the subject, that this large debt may be paid off, if deemed desirable, within the century, and that the annual interest charge will not be felt as oppressively as the taxes which European nations pay.

A question closely connected with the settlement of the national debt, and scarcely less important, is—How soon can specie payments be resumed? It took England six years to resume after the peace, though the Bank of England issues, at their highest figure, were less than one-fourth those of our Government. Precedents, however, are unsafe guides in such cases. The United States in 1865 are a very different country from Great Britain in 1865. Austria and Russia have never been able to resume; but those countries are not progressive.

It is clear that no attempt to resume can be made until the necessity for borrowing currency to pay expenses has passed away. It is also clear that specie will command a premium—no matter how strong the confidence in the General Government—so long as we have $900,000,000 of irredeemable paper afloat. When the ordinary revenue from taxes and customs equals or exceeds the Government expenditure, a step toward resumption may be made by beginning to fund the legal tenders. But this can not be effected suddenly, or all at once. When Government begins to contract the currency, the money market will become stringent, a stagnation in business will ensue, and the revenue from customs and taxes will decline. From this cause the first attempt to resume in England proved a disastrous failure. It is to be hoped that our Government will profit by the example. A currency contraction, to be successful in its object, must be gradual, and should extend, probably, over more than two years.

Something will depend on the confidence placed in American securities by Europeans. Europe holds over $350,000,000 of our bonds. If the holders send them here for sale now, they can realize a large profit on their investment. Should they do so gold would rise, United States stocks would fall, and the difficulty of funding the currency would be increased. If, instead of selling the bonds they hold, Europeans should buy more, or if, as has been suggested, a special loan should be negotiated in Europe with the effect of placing $100,000,000 of gold at the disposal of our Government, gold would necessarily fall, bonds would rise, and the path would be smoothed for an early resumption. It is difficult to determine what course the European capitalists will pursue, but among the foreign bankers it seems to be believed that more bonds are likely to go out than will come home.

With the restoration of peace, the construction of the Pacific Railroad, and the establishment of steam lines across the Pacific, nothing is wanting to make New York the financial centre of the world but the resumption of specie payments.

IN A PETTICOAT.

The London *Spectator*, commenting upon the sudden check of our jubilee of victory by the murder of Mr. Lincoln, calls it the "irony of fate." So it may have seemed at the moment; but now it is clear that Fate was never so generous as in dealing with this rebellion. Within less than two months the great conspiracy, which had lasted long enough to gain the semblance of a power, suddenly reels, crashes, and crumbles utterly away. In the last struggle its expiring force is concentrated into one crime so black that the shuddering world every where recognizes the utterly devilish spirit of the rebellion; and that the whole gamut of emotion may be swept, from the extreme of joy, through the most harrowing tragedy, to utter farce and contempt, while America and Europe are still aghast, a peal of inextinguishable laughter goes ringing round the globe as the chief conspirator, "the statesman who has created a nation," skulks tremblingly away in petticoats, and whines that it is too bad to pursue women and children!

So this rebellion, the most formidable in history, which, it is not too much to say, would have prevailed against any other government in the world, is not only absolutely annihilated by the resistless energy of a truly popular Government, but ends without a sign of the dignity that lesser crimes sometimes assume, despicably and ridiculously. Even Judas Iscariot went out and hung himself. Booth, the murderer of one beloved man, at least died like a savage beast at bay. Nobody will ever smile at the mention of his name. But Davis, with the blood of untold thousands of brave and noble victims upon his soul, will go down to posterity, cowering under a petticoat, the object of mingled horror and derision.

EARL RUSSELL AND EARL DERBY.

If any eminent American statesman should be guilty of the public ignorance of current affairs which Earl Russell displays in his speech, moving an address of sympathy to the Government of the United States, he would be universally ridiculed. Earl Russell coolly says: "Upon another question the United States and the Confederates will have a most difficult task to perform."

The fall of Richmond, the surrender of Lee, the flight of Davis, the general crash of the rebellion had not yet cleared his Lordship's mind of Mr. Gladstone's famous idea that Jefferson Davis had "created a nation." He speaks of vanquished and scattered rebels as of a power with which the United States were to conclude a treaty for the settlement of difficulties: as if there were a portion of the citizens of this country who were to be known as "Confederates." It is as if he should say that, after the coronation of William III., his Majesty and James II. had a most difficult task to perform. The "Confederates" have performed their task as James did his. In England then, as now in this country, there were the Government and its enemies, and no other parties or powers.

His Lordship proceeds to speak of the proclamation of President Lincoln in these words: "At a later period he made a communication to the Commander-in-Chief of the United States forces in which he proposed that in certain States the slaves should be entirely free; but at a later period he proposed, what he had a constitutional qualification to propose, that there should be an alteration in the Constitution of the United States by which compulsory labor should hereafter be forbidden." It is incredible that the man in all England whose peculiar business it is to know better should make such a statement. The President was himself the Commander-in-Chief, and by his order directly emancipated the slaves; and the "later period" to which Earl Russell alludes was the occasion of the call upon Mr. Lincoln last June of the Committee to inform him of his nomination, when he expressed his especial satisfaction with the resolution of the Convention which approved a constitutional amendment of emancipation.

No honorable Englishman can expect us to forget what Earl Russell said of our late war while it was in progress. If we were likely to forget, Earl Derby, the Tory leader of the Lords, has reminded us. With all the instinctive hostility of aristocracy to triumphant democracy, and with venomous glee at the chance of contrasting Earl Russell's words of to-day with those of yesterday, Lord Derby says: "There may be differences of opinion as to the merits of the two parties who are contending, *the one for empire and the other for independence*, in the United States. I follow the words of the noble Lord opposite."

It was a splendid sneer; nor was it undeserved by Lord Russell, who, while that famous phrase of his was still perfectly fresh in public memory, had the temerity to say that at the commencement of the contest he had declared that he did not believe "the great republic of the United States would perish in this war."

It is not of the neutrality, it is of the hypocrisy of the British Government that the loyal citizens of this country have complained. If Lord Russell said that he did not believe our Government would be destroyed, he virtually said that he thought it ought to be. And the very House of Lords to which he proposed the address of condolence cheered Lord Derby's remark that the assassination was wholly alien to the "courageous," "manly," and "forbearing" spirit in which the rebels had made war upon loyal citizens.

We beg our real English friends not to suppose that we are deceived. We estimate at their exact value Lord Russell's delight in our success and Lord Derby's sympathy for our sorrow.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Treason is the highest crime known to the Constitution. The treason of Jefferson Davis and his confederates has been prolonged and bloody beyond precedent. The Government of the United States owed it to itself to spare no effort to arrest the acknowledged chief of the conspiracy. It has secured him, and no sound reason can be urged why the law should not take its course. Jefferson Davis must be tried for treason. If convicted he must be sentenced. If sentenced he must be executed, unless for high reasons of state the President should commute his punishment.

The sole question will be, how Davis's fate can be made the most emphatic warning. Would it be wiser to disable him forever as an American citizen; to banish him from the country under penalty of death upon his return, and so deprive him of the opportunity of making that final appeal from the scaffold as a political victim, which always awakens sooner or later the sympathy of mankind; or to show the country and the world that a Senator of the United States, who deliberately resigns his office at the capital and withdraws to wage cruel and causeless war against the Government, however imposing his rebellion may be, however its scope and duration may convulse his country to the heart and command the attention of the world and the sympathy of an aristocracy every where, is still a criminal; and when arrested by the law will be brought to trial, and upon lawful conviction will be made to suffer the penalty, exactly like the obscurest thief, and will not be shielded from punishment on the ground that his crime has involved the desolation of the country, the slaughter of thousands of innocent citizens, and the national embarrassment of a colossal debt? Can any lesson be so permanently impressive as the final proof by the solemn sanction of the supreme authority that treason against the United States is not a political difference of opinion, but a crime whose enormity will not remit the legal penalty?

It is clear that, if Davis shall be lawfully convicted, the question must be finally settled whether treason shall ever be punished in this country as a capital crime. If in his person the penalty is remitted it can never be enforced upon any other offender. Treason so towering, so sanguinary, so causeless can never again be committed. If magnanimity or good policy require that Davis shall not suffer, they require that treason shall cease to be accounted a capital crime.

THE QUEEN'S LETTER.

The kind letter of sympathy which the Queen of England has written to Mrs. Lincoln is doubtless dictated not only by her acute sense of the affliction which has befallen the late President's widow, but also by her pious remembrance of the friendship for this country of the late Prince Consort. The letter is also, whether intentionally or not, a masterly stroke of state policy. It is a further and extraordinary earnest of the feeling which the head of the British Government cherishes for this country, and will naturally tend to soothe the disagreeable remembrance of the occasional conduct of her ministers.

We are very sure that the great mass of the people of England must understand that while we have marked every word spoken in Parliament and elsewhere in the progress of the war, and do not change our opinions of their spirit and significance, we yet cherish no national hostility. We do not forget that we have had no more constant friends than certain illustrious Englishmen, whose names we honor, and whose principles we should gladly see administering the Government of her friendly Majesty.

LITERARY.

"Kate Kennedy" (Harpers) is the title of a pleasant novel, "the old, old story of honest, true, and devoted love," which has something of the delightful plot of the ballad of "The Lord of Burleigh," and will be a welcome summer companion for the mountains or sea-side.

"Lovers and Thinkers" (Carleton) is an American tale of to-day. Its earnest, noble spirit, its generous sympathy with every humane aspiration and movement, and its tranquil and scholarly tone will win hosts of friends among those classes for which it is happily named.

We are courteously reminded by a gentleman who knows, that we were in error in supposing that Louis Napoleon was ever a denizen of Leicester Square, in London. During his English residence he was regarded as the head of his house.

WHAT IS WEALTH?

Wealth is something more than gold,
  More than luxury and ease;
Treasures never to be told
  May be found apart from these.
Men who great possessions own
  May be needy none the less:
They are rich, and they alone,
  Who have store of nobleness.

Palaces are dreary domes;
  Fair demesnes, but deserts wild;
If there be not happy homes,
  Gentle thoughts, and manners mild.
Trust me, though his lot be small,
  And he make but slight pretense,
He who lives at peace with all
  Dwells in true magnificence.

If you'd prove of noble birth,
  O beware of judgments rash;
Scorn to measure human worth
  By the sordid rule of cash.
Gold and silver may depart,
  Proudest dynasties may fall;
He who has the truest heart
  Is the richest of us all.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Among the many blessings which come to the loyal people of this country through the return of peace it is not to be reckoned as the least that we are henceforth secure not only against overt warfare against our Government, but also against the infernal schemes which have been concocted for the murder and robbery of peaceful citizens.

The examination of Dr. Blackburn at Bermuda has fully established the fact of his conspiracy, with a resident of that place named Swan, to take to New York, Philadelphia, and other Northern cities, trunks containing infected clothing, with the object of thus introducing yellow-fever. Blackburn hails from Canada, and the funds used in carrying out his nefarious plot were drawn from the Confederate exchequer.

Several important rebels are now under arrest. Davis has been captured. Governor Brown, of Georgia, and R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, are under arrest.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Government has decided to reduce the army to from 125,000 to 150,000 men. The mustering-out will go on as rapidly as possible, but much time will be required to arrange reports, rosters, and accounts.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* states that the rebel archives have taken their departure for Washington. Ninety-three large boxes, packed with the papers of the late rebel Government, and directed to Hon. C. A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, were so many witnesses that the rebellion is over.

We learn, by way of Panama, that the pirate *Shenandoah* sailed from Melbourne on the 18th of February. Her destination was unknown, but it was generally supposed that she would undertake a cruise on the Pacific coast in the track of vessels bound for California.

Major-General Rosecrans visited the Representatives' Hall at the State House, Boston, on the 11th, and at the close of the session made a speech, in which he emphatically denied the truth of the report that he was gathering a force of 20,000 men for the invasion of Mexico and the enforcement of the Monroe doctrine.

Major-General N. J. T. Dana, United States Volunteers, is relieved from command of the Department of the Mississippi, and Major-General G. K. Warren, United States Volunteers, is assigned to the command.

The *Times* Washington correspondent makes the following statement in regard to the affair between Halleck and Sherman: "Painful stories of discourteous conduct on the part of General Sherman to a brother officer at Richmond are in circulation here, and are founded on fact. When General Sherman arrived at Petersburg from Raleigh, *via* City Point, General Halleck sent word to him that he had secured a residence in Richmond for his (Sherman's) use, as long as his head-quarters should be in the city, and tendering him the hospitalities and civilities due to his position. General Sherman replied curtly, declining the proffered courtesy, and adding that he could not recognize General Halleck. The latter replied in a friendly tone, and expressed the hope that General Sherman would not consider a friendship of twenty years' standing severed because he (Halleck) had been compelled to officially perform an unpleasant duty, and expressing a hope that he might have the pleasure of reviewing General Sherman's troops on their passage through Richmond. To this General Sherman replied in substance that he could not recognize General Halleck, and that his corps commanders were instructed that if they found him in their march through Richmond in a position to review the troops they must change the direction of their march and avoid him. The Committee on the Conduct of the War, it may be added, sent a message to General Sherman, asking, in view of their early adjournment, that he proceed from Richmond to Washington by boat, and appear before the Committee at an early day. He declined peremptorily, and proceeded to march onward with his troops."

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE AFFAIR AT LISBON.

The United States Minister to Portugal makes the following statement respecting the difficulty in Lisbon Harbor in March in a letter to the London *Times:*

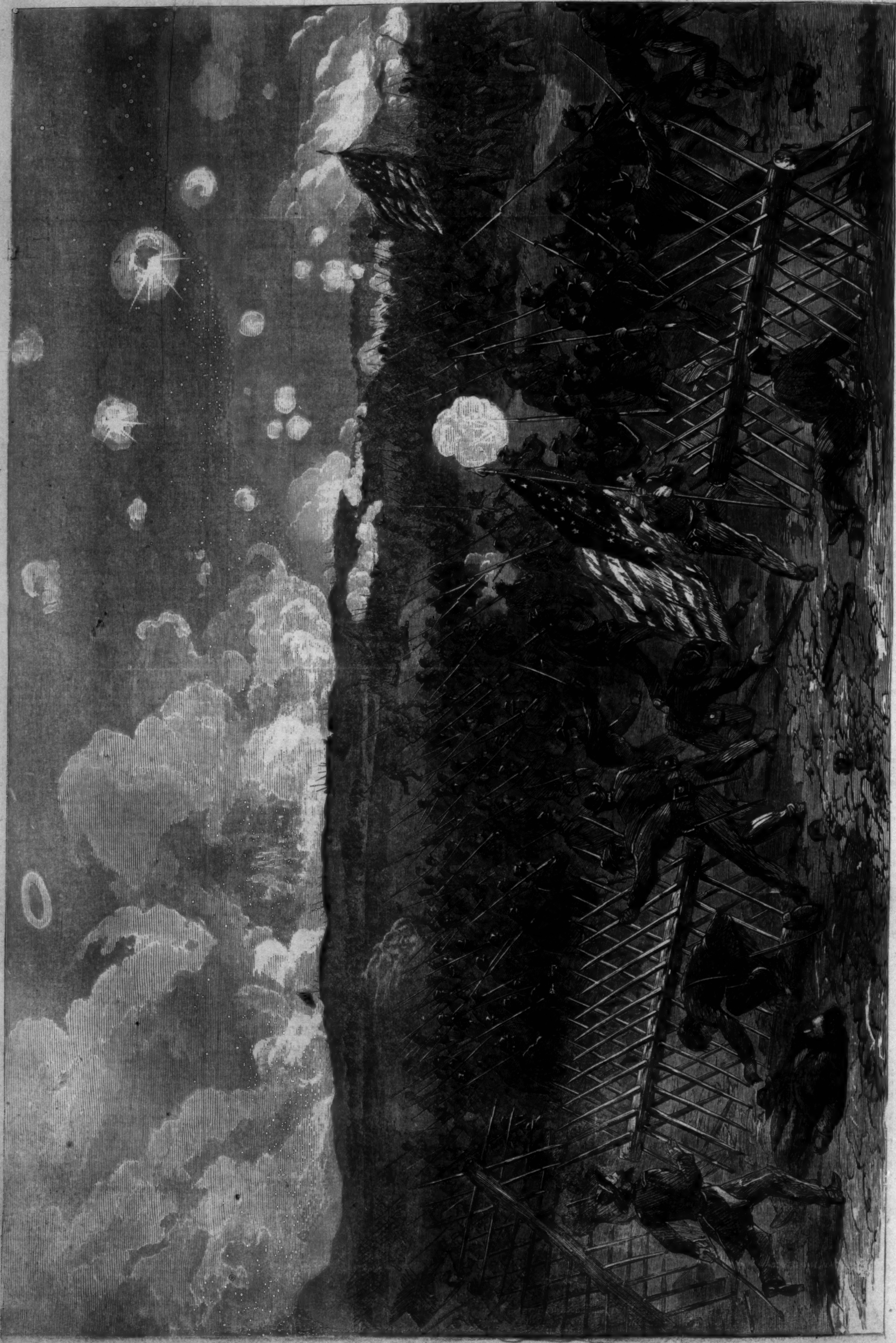
"The ram *Stonewall* came into the Tagus on Sunday morning, the 26th of March, and moored at the anchorage assigned to ships of war. A notice was soon afterward served by his Majesty's government, requiring the ram to quit the port within twenty-four hours, which limitation expired on Monday, the 27th, about 2 P.M. The vessel remained in the Tagus until 10.30 A.M. on Tuesday, the 28th of March, that is to say, some twenty hours beyond the time fixed by the notice. There was no pretense of *force majeure* to warrant this delay, for the ram had just issued from the port of Ferrol after a stay of seven weeks for repairs; had made the voyage between the two places with remarkable speed, and the weather was fine.

"The United States ships *Niagara* and *Sacramento* entered the Tagus on Monday evening, the 27th of March, five hours after the time for the departure of the *Stonewall* had expired, and came to anchor at 7 o'clock, about three-quarters of a mile above Belen Castle, which marks the conventional line of inner entrance to the port, and is some two and a half miles below the regular anchorage of ships of war. Fort St. Julian guards the outer entrance at the bar, five miles beyond Belen Castle.

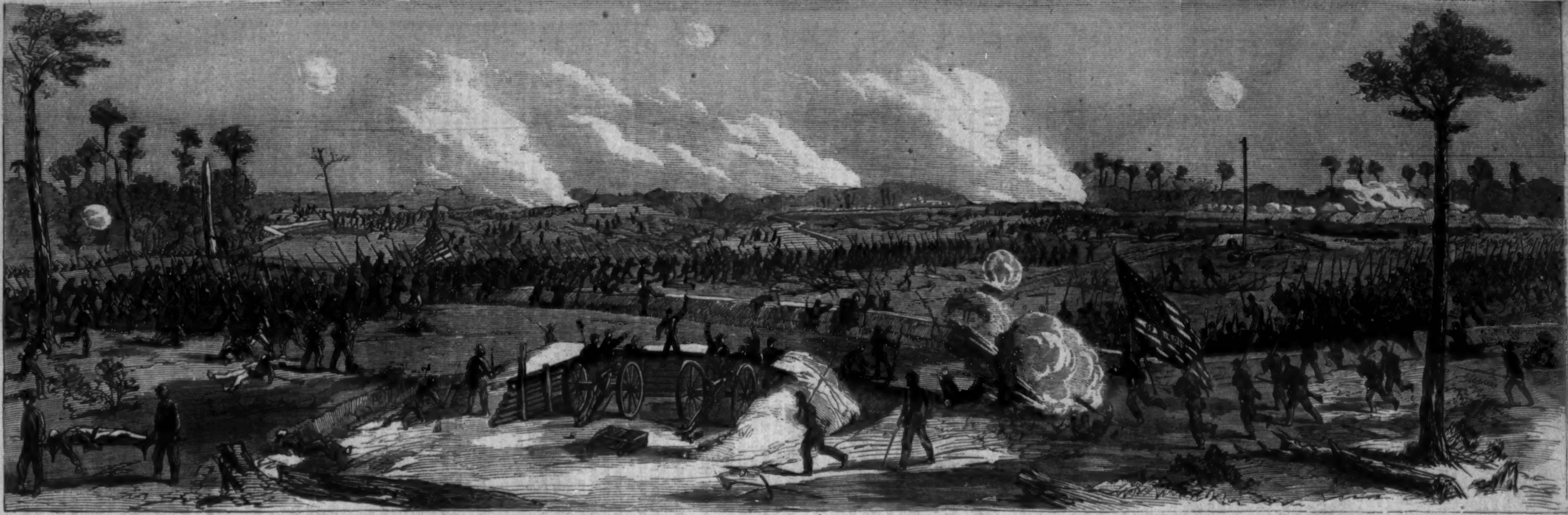
"His Majesty's guard-ship *Sagres* was moored above Belen Castle when the *Niagara* and *Sacramento* entered, and a subordinate officer of that ship came off and conveyed, by means of a person called an interpreter, a verbal request to the effect that, as the presence of the *Stonewall* had excited much anxiety, it was desired that the two ships should remain near the castle, and should not go out for twenty-four hours after the *Stonewall*.

"The *Stonewall* started out on Tuesday morning, the 28th of March, at 10.30 o'clock. When all alarm was supposed to have subsided, orders were given at 3.15 P.M.—nearly five hours afterward, and when the idea of pursuit was absurd—to move the ships to the usual moorings, for convenience to the city. Owing to the state of the tide the bows of all the shipping in port were pointed toward Belen Castle. The *Niagara* and *Sacramento* were under the exclusive direction of Portuguese pilots, wearing the uniform and other insignia of his Majesty's Government. The *Sacramento* never advanced an inch from her first position, but backed and turned. Owing to the great length of the *Niagara* the Portuguese pilot did not see fit to attempt a similar movement, but, with a sweep in the river, described the arc of a circle, to carry her to her new anchorage-ground. In executing that movement the *Niagara* passed near to his Majesty's ship *Sagres*, then lying between the *Niagara* and Belen Castle, from which all the verbal messages had come, and which is charged with the special duty of enforcing the regulations of the port, and all orders of the Government relating to foreign ships. No objection or opposition of any sort was intimated by the *Sagres*, and that fact was plainly visible at Belen Castle. As the *Niagara* was proceeding on her way, and at no time within several hundred yards of the conventional line of exit from and entrance to the port, Belen Castle, without warning, inquiry, or precaution, opened a fire against the ship of three shotted guns in quick succession. The flag of the *Niagara* was immediately dipped in sign of acknowledgment. The firing ceased during the space of a few minutes, and was then suddenly resumed, when the flag of the *Niagara* was hoisted at the peak, notwithstanding which, and while her bow was actually turned to the city, the firing continued, one ball striking the 'port quarter,' and two others elsewhere. While the firing was going on, an officer of the guard-ship *Sagres* presented himself on board the *Niagara*, to express regret for this violence, stating, at the same time, that it must have originated in some strange mistake, as his ship had received orders to permit the *Niagara* and *Sacramento* to proceed to sea at 2 P.M. that day—an hour and a quarter before they began to move at all—if such was the desire of the Commodore.

"By a providential interposition no life was lost, and no injury was inflicted. Commodore Craven, with rare self-command, in the face of such marked provocation, did not return the fire of the castle, and to his discretion alone may be attributed the happy exemption from causes of mourning, which every friend of humanity will appreciate and rejoice at."



CHARGE OF THE NINTH ARMY CORPS ON FORT MAHONE, April 3, 1865.—[Sketched by A. R. Waud.]



THE FIGHT BEFORE MOBILE—STORMING OF FORT BLAKELY, APRIL 9, 1865.

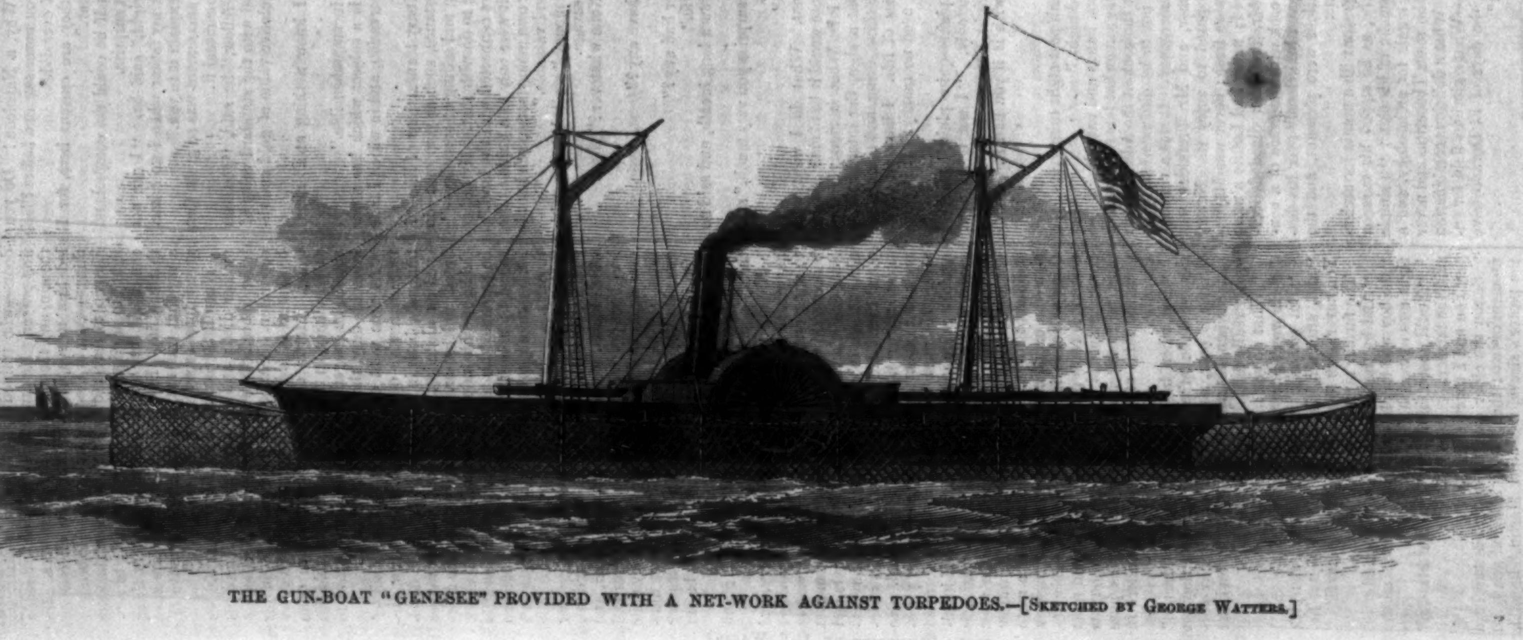
THE FIGHT BEFORE MOBILE.

WE have already, in a previous number, described the assault on Fort Blakely, which we illustrate this week on this page. Probably the last charge of this war, it was as gallant as any on record. Fort Blakely formed the left of the rebel line of works defending Mobile. The approach to the work was impeded by obstructions of every sort, which the national troops were fully one hour in making their way through. The loss here was great; but no obstacle hindered, no degree of carnage daunted the men. They carried the work, and this brave and successful assault finished the fight before Mobile.

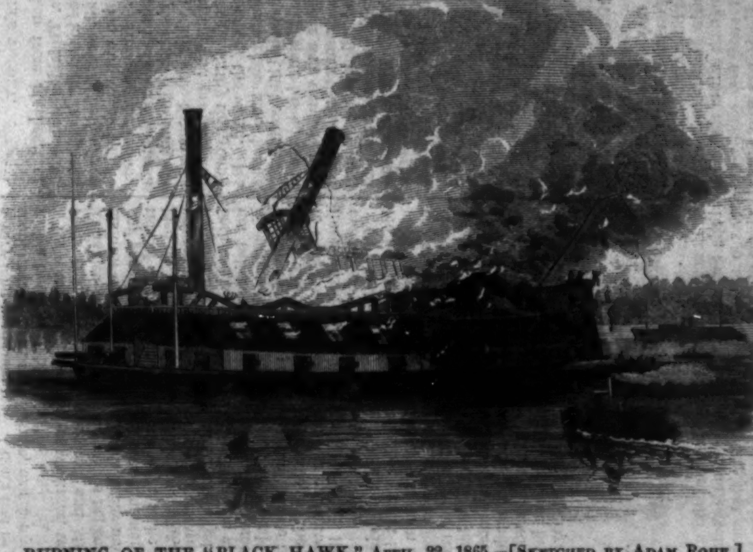
Several batteries of artillery and large quantities of ammunition were taken with the fort, besides 2400 prisoners. Our loss in the whole affair was about 2000 killed and wounded.

THE "BLACK HAWK."

WE engrave on this page an illustration of the burning of the *Black Hawk*, the flag-ship of the Mississippi squadron, off Mount City, April 22. The fire broke out below where paints and oils were stored. It was found impossible to subdue the flames, and the boat was entirely consumed. Only four lives were lost. The magazine, containing 500 pounds of powder, exploded about an hour after the fire broke out. The officers and crew of the *Black Hawk* numbered somewhat over three hundred. The boat was commanded by Captain CHARLES A. BABCOCK. The fire is supposed to have been originated by the negligence of a painter, who went below for oil or turpentine, and carelessly set a lighted lamp where it quickly ignited the combustible material around it.



THE GUN-BOAT "GENESEE" PROVIDED WITH A NET-WORK AGAINST TORPEDOES.—[SKETCHED BY GEORGE WATTERS.]



BURNING OF THE "BLACK HAWK," APRIL 22, 1865.—[SKETCHED BY ADAM ROHE.]

MAY LILIES.

YE gentle, modest flowers,
With bending bells of snow,
Ye felt the tramp of thousands
That May so long ago;
Ye saw the Nation's bravest
Go forth to meet the foe—
Ye caught the first faint sobbing
Of that long wail of woe.

The bursting buds of lilies
Grew white on every hill,
When the whole land awakened
Felt yet the Sumter thrill.
The cry for peace was silent,
Each doubting voice was still—
Then came from out the darkness
A Nation's stern "I will!"

The flowers bloomed and faded,
Four weary Mays went by;
There came no gleam of morning
To light our stormy sky:
But sweet as lily fragrance,
Unspotted, pure and high,
Shone forth the grand devotion
That gladly went to die.

O fearful drops of crimson
That stained the lilies fair!
O sobs and wails of anguish
That rent the summer air!
Our longing eyes turned Southward,
Defeat and death were there;
Our country's hope seemed changing
To blackness of despair.

O feeble hearts and trembling!
Forgetful that God hears,
We deemed that His great mercy
Was measured by our fears.
We saw the blood and anguish
Of those long, weary years;
We doubted of a morning
To that dark night of tears.

It came at last—a flushing
Of light across the sky;
Then swelling o'er the Northland
There rose a midnight cry—
"Rejoice, O happy nation!
Lift up thy voice on high,
Break forth in songs of triumph,
The hour of Peace is nigh!"

"Peace to the Northern hill-side,
Peace to the Southern shore;"
The wild, free winds rejoicing
The heavenly message bore—
"From Lake to Gulf our banner
Floats proudly as before,
The one dark stain upon it
Is gone for evermore!"

Swing your fair bells, O lilies,
Rejoicing in the light!
This year no stain of crimson
Is on your spotless white.
And thou, O Mother-Country!
Victorious in the fight,
Kneel down in glad thanksgiving,
For God has sped the Right!

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VALUE OF A NAPOLEON.

As the two cousins passed across the grass-grown court-yard, and under the gateway with the stork's nest overhead, Mr. Trefalden pointed up to the broken escutcheon.

"Is that a record of some medieval fray?" asked he.

"Oh, dear no!" replied the young man, laughingly. My great-grandfather smashed that heraldry when he bought the place."

"Then he was a zealous Republican?"

"Not he. Quite the contrary, I believe. No—he defaced the shield because the château was his, and the arms were not."

"I see. He did not choose to live in a house with another man's name upon his door. That was sensible; but he might have substituted his own."

Saxon's lip curled saucily.

"Bah!" said he, "what do we want of arms? We are only farmers. We have no right to them."

"Neither has any one else, I should fancy, in a republic like this," observed Mr. Trefalden.

"Oh yes—some have. The Rotzbergs, who lived here before us, the Plantas, the Ortensteins, are all noble. They were counts and knights hundreds of years ago, when the feudal system prevailed."

"Nobles who subscribe to a democratic rule forego their nobility, my young cousin," said Mr. Trefalden.

"I have heard that before," replied Saxon; "but I don't agree with it."

This young man had a sturdy way of expressing his opinions that somewhat amused and somewhat dismayed Mr. Trefalden. He had also a frightful facility of foot that rendered him a difficult companion among such paths as led down from the Château Rotzberg to the valley below.

"My good fellow," said the lawyer, coming to a sudden stop, "do you want me to break my neck? I'm not a chamois!"

Saxon, who had been springing from ledge to ledge of the slippery descent with the light and fearless step of a mountaineer to the manner born, turned back at once, and put out his hand.

"I beg your pardon," he said, apologetically. "I had forgotten. I suppose you have never been among mountains before?"

"Oh yes, I have—and I can keep my feet here quite well, thank you, if you do not ask me to come down in a coranto. I have been up Snowdon, and Cader Idris, and plenty of smaller heights—to say nothing of Holborn Hill."

Saxon laughed merrily.

"Why, what do *you* know of Holborn Hill?" said Mr. Trefalden, surprised to find that small jest appreciated.

"It is a hill rising westward, on the right bank of the Fleet River."

"But you have never visited London?"

"I have never been farther than Zurich in my life; but I have read Stowe carefully, with a map."

Mr. Trefalden could not forbear a smile.

"You must not suppose that you therefore know any thing about modern London," said he. "Stowe would not recognize his own descriptions now. The world has gone round once or twice since his time."

"So I suppose."

"I should like to take you back with me, Saxon. You'd find me a better guide than the medieval surveyor."

"To London?"

"Ay, to London."

Saxon shook his head.

"You do not mean to tell me that you have no curiosity to visit the most wonderful city in the world?"

"Not at all; but there are others which I had rather see first."

"And which are they?"

"Rome, Athens, and Jerusalem."

"Then I have no hesitation in prophesying that you would be greatly disappointed in all three. One is always disappointed in places that depend for their interest on remote association."

Saxon made no reply, and for a few moments they were both silent. When they presently left the last belt of pines behind them and emerged upon the level road, Mr. Trefalden paused and said:

"I ought not to let you go any farther. My way lies straight before me now, and I can not miss it."

"I will go with you as far as the bridge," replied Saxon.

"But it is growing quite dusk, and you have those mountain paths to climb."

"I could climb them blindfolded. Besides, we have arranged nothing for to-morrow. Would you like to walk over the Galanda to Pfeffers?"

"How far is it?" asked Mr. Trefalden, with a glance of misgiving toward the mountain in question, which looked loftier than ever in the gloaming.

"About twenty-three or four miles."

"Each way?"

"Of course."

"I am much obliged to you," said the lawyer, "but, as I said before, I am not a chamois. No, Saxon; you must come over to the Adler to-morrow morning to breakfast with me, and after breakfast, if you like, we will walk to Chur. I hear it is a curious old place, and I should like to see it."

"As you please, cousin. At what hour?"

"I fear if I say half past eight you will think it terribly late."

"Not at all, since you do not dine till eight at night."

"Then I may expect you?"

"Without fail."

They were now within sight of the covered bridge and the twinkling lights in the village beyond. Mr. Trefalden paused for the second time.

"I must insist upon saying good-by now," said he. "And, by-the-way, before we part, will you be kind enough to explain to me the real value of these coins?"

He took out a handful of loose money, and Saxon examined the pieces by the waning light.

My charretier to-day would not take French francs," continued Mr. Trefalden, "but asked for Müntz money. When I offered him these Swiss francs he was satisfied. What is the difference in value between a French and a Swiss franc? What is Müntz money? How many of these pieces should I get for a Napoleon or an English sovereign?"

Saxon shook his head.

"I don't know," said he. "I have not the least idea."

Mr. Trefalden thought he had been misunderstood.

"I beg your pardon," said he. "Perhaps I have not explained myself clearly. This Müntz money—"

"Müntz money is Swiss money," interrupted Saxon. "That is to say, the new uniform coinage voted by the Diet of 1850."

"Well, what is this Swiss franc worth?"

"A hundred rappen."

"Then a rapp is equivalent to a French centime?"

Saxon looked puzzled.

"The rappen are issued instead of the old batzen," said he.

Mr. Trefalden smiled.

"We don't quite understand each other yet," he said, taking a Napoleon from the number. "What I want to know is simply how many Swiss francs I ought to receive for this?"

Saxon took the Napoleon between his finger and thumb, and examined it on both sides with some curiosity.

"I don't think it is worth any thing at all here," he replied, as he gave it back. "What is it?"

"What is it? Why, a Napoleon! Do you mean to say that you never saw one before?"

"I don't think I ever did."

"But I know they are current here, for I changed one at Chur."

Saxon looked as if he could not comprehend his cousin's evident surprise.

"You may be right," said he. "I can not tell; but I will ask my father when I go home. I dare say he can explain it to you."

Mr. Trefalden's amazement was so great that he took no pains to conceal it.

"But, my dear fellow," he said, "you can not be unacquainted with the standard value of money—with the relative value of gold and silver?"

"I assure you I know nothing at all about it."

"But—but it is incomprehensible."

"Why so? It is a subject which has never come under my observation, and in which I take no interest."

"Yet in the ordinary transactions of life—of farming life, for instance, such as your own—in the common buying and selling of everyday—"

"I have nothing to do with that. My father manages all matters connected with the land."

"Well, then, if it were only as a guide to the expenditure of your own money, some such knowledge is necessary and valuable."

"But I have no money," replied Saxon, with the simplicity of a savage.

"No money? None whatever?"

"None."

"Do you never have any?"

"Never."

"Have you never had any?"

"Never in my life."

Mr. Trefalden drew a long breath, and said no more.

"That seems to surprise you very much," said Saxon, laughingly.

"Well—it does."

"But it need not. What do I want with money? Of what use would it be to me? What should I do with it? What *is* money? Nothing. Nothing but a sign, the interpretation of which is food, clothing, firing, and other comforts and necessaries of life. I have all these, and, having them, need no money. It is sufficiently plain."

"Ah yes, it is plain—quite plain," rejoined the lawyer, abstractedly. "I see it all now. You are perfectly right, Saxon. You would not know what to do with it if you had it. Good-night."

"Good-night."

"Don't forget half past eight to-morrow."

"No, no. Good-night."

And so they shook hands and parted.

Mr. Trefalden was somewhat late that evening for his dinner; but the cook at the Adler was an expert artist, and not to be disconcerted by so commonplace an emergency. It was a very recherché little dinner, and Mr. Trefalden was unusually well disposed to enjoy it. Never, surely, was trout more fresh; never was Mayonnaise better flavored; never had Lafitte a more delicate aroma. Mr. Trefalden dined deliberately, praised the cook with the grace of a connoisseur, and lingered luxuriously over his dessert. His meditations were pleasant, and the claret was excellent.

"A simple old pastor with a mania for archæology," muttered he, as he sipped his curaçoa and watched the smoke of his cigar, "a simple old pastor with a mania for archæology, and a young barbarian who reads Theocritus and never saw a Napoleon! What a delicious combination of circumstances! What a glorious field for enterprise! Verily, the days of El Dorado have come back again!"

CHAPTER VII.

PASTOR MARTIN'S THEORY.

THE pastor had spoken from his heart of hearts when he told Mr. Trefalden with what solicitude he had educated his brother's orphan; but he did not tell him all, or even half, of the zeal, humility, and devotion with which he had fulfilled that heavy duty. Knowing the full extent of his responsibility, he had accepted it from the very hour of the boy's birth. He had lain awake night after night, while little Saxon was yet in his cradle, pondering, and praying, and asking himself how he should fortify this young soul against the temptations of the world. He had written out full a dozen elaborate schemes of education for him before the child could babble an articulate word. He spent his leisure in studying the lives of great and virtuous men that he might thence gather something of their tutelage; and to this end toiled patiently once again through all Plutarch's crabbed Greek and Fuller's still more crabbed English. He compiled formidable lists of all kinds of instructive books for his pupil's future reading long before his young ears had ever heard of the penances ending in "ology." He filled reams of sermon paper with unobjectionable extracts from the classic poets, and made easy abstracts of Euclid and Aristotle for his sole use and benefit. In short, he laid himself down before the wheels of this baby Juggernaut in a spirit of the uttermost self-devotion and love, giving up to him every moment upon which his pastoral duties held no claim, and sacrificing even the Etruscans for his dear sake.

The boy's education may almost be said to have dated from the day on which he first began to laugh and put out his little arms at the sight of those he loved. Uncle Martin, in spite of some maternal opposition, took care of that. He asserted his position at once, and quietly but firmly maintained it. He it was who taught the child his first utterances—who guided his first feeble steps upon the soft sward out of doors—who trained his tongue to stammer its first prayer. He taught him that God had made the sun, and the stars, and the green trees. He led him to see use and beauty in all created things—even in the most unlovely. He brought him up to fear the darkness no more than the light; to admire all that was beautiful; to reverence all that was noble; to love every thing that had life. He would not even let him have a toy that was not in some way suggestive of gracefulness or service.

When little Saxon was but two years old his mother died; and the good pastor pursued his labor henceforth without even a semblance of opposition. Saxon the elder believed in his brother as of old, and deferred to him in every thing. Martin did not, perhaps, believe quite so implicitly in himself; but, as he told his cousin, he prayed for light, and only strove to know his duty, that he might perform it.

As time went on that duty became daily of more extensive operation. The boy grew portentously, both in ideas and inches. He developed an alarming appetite for books, as well as bread and butter. His curiosity became insatiable, and his industry indefatigable. In short, he perplexed his tutor sorely, and unconsciously raised up a host of difficulties which had been left quite unprovided for in the good pastor's theories.

For Martin Trefalden had theories—very strange, unworldly, eccentric theories, indeed, which looked wonderfully well upon paper, and had been proved by him to his brother over and over again as they sat smoking together by their fireside o' nights; but which had various disagreeable ways of tripping him up, and leaving him in the lurch, now that they came to be put into practice.

Chief and foremost among these was his grand theory about the Trefalden legacy.

Having persuaded his brother to marry, and having, as it were, compelled Saxon the younger to enter on this stage of mortal life, it obviously behooved him above all other things to arm that little Christian against the peculiar dangers and temptations to which his singular destiny exposed him. He must be trained in habits of innocence, frugality, charity, and self-denial. He must be taught to prize only the simplest pleasures. He must be doubly and trebly fortified against pride, avarice, prodigality, self-indulgence, and every other sin of which wealth is fruitful. Above all, argued the pastor, he must not love money. Nay more, he must be wholly indifferent to it. He must regard it as a mere sign—an expedient—a medium of exchange—a thing valueless in itself, and desirable only because it is convenient. His childish hand must never be sullied by it. His innocent thoughts must never entertain it. He shall be as pure from the taint of gold as the first dwellers in Paradise.

"But when he grows up, brother Martin," suggested the father one evening, while they sat talking it over, as usual, in the chimney corner, "when he grows up, you know, and the money really falls due—what then?"

"What do you mean, Sax?"

"He won't know what to do with it."

"But *you* will," replied the pastor, sharply; "and, after all, 'tis you are the heir—not he. You never seem to remember that, brother Sax."

The farmer made no reply.

"And by that time, too," continued Martin, "the boy will be old enough to understand the right uses of wealth."

"You'll teach him those, brother Martin," said the farmer.

"You and I together."

Saxon the elder smoked on in silence for a moment or two; then, laying his hand gently on the pastor's sleeve, "Brother Martin," he said, "thou'rt younger than I, as I have reminded thee once or twice before. I don't believe that I have a very long life before me. I don't feel as if I should ever inherit that fortune, or see my boy with a beard upon his chin."

He was right. He died, as we know, twelve years before the century expired, and Martin Trefalden continued to bring up his nephew in his own way. He could ride his hobby now at any pace he pleased, without even the interruption of a meek question by the way; so he ambled on year after year with his eyes shut, and refused to recognize the fact that Saxon was no longer a boy. He made himself willfully blind both to his mustache and his inches. He would not believe that the time was already come for discussing the forbidden subject. He could not endure to tell his young Spartan that he must one day be rich; and so, as it were, be the first to raise his hand against that fabric of unworldliness which it had been the labor of his life to erect.

Of late, however, he had "had misgivings." He had begun to wonder whether perfect ignorance of life was really the best preparation for a career of usefulness, and whether the college at Geneva might not have proved a better school for his nephew than the solitude of Domleschg.

Thus matters stood when William Trefalden, Esquire, of Chancery Lane, London, made his appearance at the Château Rotzberg; and thus it happened that his cousin Saxon, the heir to four millions and a half of funded property, had no notion of the value of a Napoleon.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. TREFALDEN MEETS ACQUAINTANCES BY THE WAY.

PUNCTUAL as the minute-hand of the quaint little Swiss time-piece on the mantle-shelf was Saxon to his appointment. The first metallic chime of the half hour was just striking as he reached the inn door, and the rapid smiting of his iron heel on the paved corridor leading to the salon drowned the vibrations of the second. He found the breakfast-table laid beside an open window looking upon the garden and the mountains, and his cousin turning over the leaves of a large book at the farther end of the room.

"It is pleasant to find one's self so good a judge of character," said Mr. Trefalden, advancing with outstretched hand. "I felt sure you would be true to time, Saxon—*so* sure, that I had sent the eggs away to be poached—and here they are! Come, sit down. I hope you're hungry."

"Indeed I am," replied Saxon, making a vigorous onslaught upon the loaf.

"You seem to have brought the mountain air in with you," said Mr. Trefalden, with a half-envious glance at his fresh young cheek and breezy curls. "It is a glorious morning for walking."

"That it is; and I have been up to some of the high pastures in search of one of our goats. It was so clear at six o'clock that I saw the Glärnisch quite plainly."

"What is the Glärnisch—a mountain?"

"Yes—a splendid mountain; the highest in the Canton Glarus."

"What wine do you prefer, Saxon?"

"Oh, either, thank you. I like the one as well as the other."

Mr. Trefalden raised his eyes from the carte des vins.

"What 'one' and what 'other' do you mean?" asked he.

"The red and the white."

"You mean vin ordinaire?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

Mr. Trefalden shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't drink vinegar myself," said he, "and I should not choose to place it before you. We will try a bottle of our host's Château Margaux. I suppose you like that?"

"I don't know," replied Saxon. "I never tasted it."

"Have you ever tasted Champagne?"

"Never."

"Would you like to do so?"

"Indeed I don't care. I like one thing just as well as another. These cutlets are capital."

Mr. Trefalden looked at his cousin with an expression of mingled wonder and compassion.

"My dear boy," said he, "what have you done that you should *only* like one thing as well as another?"

Saxon looked puzzled.

"It is a shocking defect either of constitution or education," continued Mr. Trefalden, gravely. "You must try to get over it. Don't laugh. I am perfectly serious. Here, taste this pâté, and tell me if you like it *only* as well as the cutlets."

Saxon tasted it and made a wry face.

"What is it made of?" said he. "What are those nasty black things in it?"

"It is a pâté de foiegras," replied Mr. Trefalden, pathetically, "and those nasty black things are truffles—the greatest delicacies imaginable."

Saxon laughed heartily, poured some claret into a tumbler, and put out his hand for the water-bottle.

"You are not going to mix that Château Margaux!" cried Mr. Trefalden.

"Why not?"

"Because it is sacrilege to spoil the flavor."

"But I am thirsty."

"So much the better. Your palate is all the more susceptible. Try the first glass pure, at all events."

Saxon submitted, and emptied his glass at a draught.

"That *is* delicious," said he.

"You really think so?"

"Unquestionably."

"You prefer it to the vin ordinaire?"

"I do, indeed."

Mr. Trefalden drew a deep breath of satisfaction.

"Allons!" said he. "Then there is some little hope for you, Saxon, after all."

"But—"

"But what?"

Saxon blushed and hesitated.

"But I am not sure," said he, "that I prefer it to the vin d'Asti."

Mr. Trefalden leaned back in his chair and groaned aloud.

"I'm sure I'm very sorry," laughed Saxon, with a comic look, half shy, half penitent. "But—but it isn't my fault, is it?"

Before Mr. Trefalden could reply to this appeal there was a rustling of silk, and a sound of voices in the corridor, and a lady and gentleman entered the salon, conversing earnestly. Seeing others in the room they checked themselves. In the same instant Mr. Trefalden, who sat partly turned toward the door, rose and exclaimed:

"Mademoiselle Colonna!"

The lady put out her hand.

"You here, Mr. Trefalden?" said she. "Padre mio, you remember Mr. Trefalden?"

The gentleman, who held his hat in one hand and a bundle of letters and papers in the other, bowed somewhat distantly, and said he believed he had had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Trefalden before.

"Yes, at Castletowers," replied the lawyer.

The gentleman's dark face lighted up instantly, and, laying his hat aside, he also advanced to shake hands.

"Forgive me," he said; "I did not remember that you were a friend of Lord Castletowers. Have you seen him lately? I hope you are well. This is a charming spot. Have you been here long? We have only this moment arrived."

He asked questions without waiting for replies, and spoke hurriedly and abstractedly, as if his thoughts were busy elsewhere all the time. Both his accent and his daughter's were slightly foreign, but his was more foreign than hers.

"I only came yesterday," replied Mr. Trefalden, "and I propose to stay here for a week or two. May one venture to hope that you are about to do the same?"

The young lady shook her head. Her father had already moved away to the opposite side of the room, and was examining his letters.

"We are only waiting to breakfast while our vetturino feeds his horses," said she; "and we hope to reach Chur in time for the mid-day train."

"A short sojourn," said Mr. Trefalden.

"Yes; I am sorry for it. We have traveled by this road very often, and always in haste. The place, I am sure, would repay investigation. It is very beautiful."

"You come from Italy, I suppose?"

"Yes, from Milan."

"And are, of course, devoted as ever to the good cause?"

Her eyes seemed to flash and dilate as she lifted them suddenly upon her interrogator.

"You know, Mr. Trefalden," said she, "that we live for no other. But why do *you* call it the 'good' cause? You have never joined us; you have never helped us. I had no idea that you deemed it a good cause."

"Then you did me injustice," replied the lawyer, with an unembarrassed smile. "The liberty and unity of a great people must be a good cause. I should blush for my opinions if I did not think so."

"Then why not give us the support of your name?"

"Because, my dear madam, it would bring no support with it. I am an obscure man. I have neither wealth nor influence."

"Even if that were so it would be of little importance," said Mademoiselle Colonna, eagerly. "Every volunteer is precious—even the humblest and weakest. But you are neither, Mr. Trefalden. You are far from being an obscure man. You are a very brilliant man—nay, I mean no compliment. I only repeat what I have often heard. I know that you have talent, and I am sure you are not without influence. You would be a most welcome accession to our staff."

"Indeed, Mademoiselle Colonna, you overestimate me in every way."

"I do not think so."

"I ought also to tell you that I am a very busy man. My whole life is absorbed by my professional duties."

"It is always possible to find time for good deeds," replied the lady.

"I fear not always."

"*Enfin*, we are not exacting. To those friends who can give us but their names and their sympathies we are grateful. You will be one of those, I am sure."

"It is better to give nothing than to give that which is worthless," said Mr. Trefalden.

Mademoiselle Colonna met this reply with a slight curl of the lip and another flash of her magnificent eyes.

"Those who are not for Italy are against her, Mr. Trefalden," she said, coldly, and turned away.

The lawyer recovered his position with perfect tact.

"I can not allow Mademoiselle Colonna to mistake me a second time," he said. "If she does me the honor to value my poor name at more than its worth, I can but place it at her disposal."

"Are you sincere?" she said, quickly.

"Undoubtedly."

"You permit us the use of your name?"

Mr. Trefalden smiled and bent his head.

"Thanks, in the name of the cause."

"But, Signora—"

"But what?"

"You will forgive me if I desire to know in what manner you propose to make my name serviceable?"

"I shall enter it on our general committee list."

"Is that all?"

"All—neither more nor less."

Mr. Trefalden's face showed neither satisfaction nor dissatisfaction. It was perfectly placid and indifferent, like his smile. Mademoiselle Colonna looked at him as if she would read him through; but she could do nothing of the kind.

"If you repent of the permission you have granted," she began, "or object to the publicity of—"

"No, no," interposed the lawyer, with a little deprecatory raising of the hand; "not at all. It gives me much pleasure."

"If, then, on the contrary, you choose at any time to favor us with more active aid," continued she, "you need only write to my father, or Lord Castletowers, or, indeed, any of the honorary secretaries, and your co-operation will meet with grateful and immediate acceptance. Till then no demand will be made upon your time or patience."

Mr. Trefalden bowed.

"Have you many such drones in your hive, Signora?" asked he.

"Hundreds."

"But they can only be encumbrances."

"Quite the contrary; they are of considerable value. Their names give weight to our cause in the eyes of the world; and the printed lists which contain them find their way into every court and cabinet in Europe. For instance, I have here a paper—"

She paused, glanced toward Saxon, and, dropping her voice almost to a whisper, said,

"Your guide, I suppose? Does he understand English?"

"Perfectly," replied Mr. Trefalden, answering the second question and taking no notice of the first. "As well as you or myself."

"Dio! Have I said too much? Is he safe?"

"I would answer for him with my head, if even he had understood the purport of our conversation—which he has not done."

"How can you be sure of that?"

"Because he is a wild mountaineer, and knows no more of politics than you, Signor Colonna, know of the common law of England."

The young lady took a folded paper from her pocket and placed it in Mr. Trefalden's hand.

"Read that," she said. "It is from Rome. You are aware, of course, that Sardinia—"

Her voice fell again to a whisper. She drew the lawyer away to her father's table, spread the document before him, and proceeded to comment upon its contents. This she did with great earnestness and animation, but in a tone of voice audible only to her listener. Mr. Trefalden was all attention. Signor Colonna, his thin hands twisted in his hair, and his elbows resting on the table, remained absorbed in his papers. Saxon, who had not presumed to lift his eyes from his plate while the lady stood near him, ventured to glance now and then toward the group at the farther end of the room. Having looked once he looked again, and could not forbear from looking. It was not at all strange that he should do so. On the contrary, it would have been strange if he had done otherwise; for Saxon Trefalden was gifted with a profound, almost a religious sense of beauty, and he had never in his life seen any thing so beautiful as Olimpia Colonna.

HEARTS AND FACES.

Can you judge by a smile who is gay,
  Nor once be misled by the token?
I know that I laughed aloud one day
  From a heart that was almost broken.

But my laughter rang false, do you say?
  Or tears followed very soon after.
You are wrong; for I wept not that day,
  And my laugh was the merriest laughter.

That my grief was not deep, you maintain,
  Since I found it so easy to cover;
But I tell you I writhed with the pain,
  And one writhes not when anguish is over.

For my own part, I scarcely believe
  That sighing can only mean sadness;
And I wholly misdoubt, you perceive,
  That laughter must always prove gladness.

Are you sure it is grief when a tear starts?
  Can you trust smiles of mirth in all places?
If aught can be falser than human hearts,
  It must surely be human faces!

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Changing House.—The house we live in for a number of years can not fail to exert a great influence over us. The same places impress the same trains of thought, till at last we give ourselves up to a ritual, in which the drawing-room, the dining-room, and the study are the matters, and certain inanimate objects, on which we scarcely bestow a thought, become our impulses and our directors. With a change of house all this is revolutionized. You have to plot out your home—that is, your life—anew. You have to discuss aspects and views, the points of the compass, and the prevailing winds—to balance with yourself the advantages of the rising against the setting sun—to think where you can sleep most profoundly, and dine most snugly; and, above all, if a man of my own temperament, where you can install yourself in a so-called study, a spot religiously believed sacred to meditation and labor, but, in sober reality, a little Sleepy Hollow of refuge, dedicated to that noble pastime that is said to have a disreputable region—a pastime which, in all its vague unreality, I would not exchange for many a practical tangible pleasure. With a change of house all these devolve upon you. You can not begin the daily work of life till they be determined, nor can you determine them without a constant reference to the past. Your drawing-room may be larger and loftier, your study may offer more space or accommodation, but, depend upon it, there will always be something, be it insignificant or small, to regret—something in which the by-gone will contrast favorably with the present. That this is a condition of human thought I am inclined to believe; at least, all my friends who have been married a second time have confidently imparted to me something that would go far to confirm it.

An East Indian Paradise.—The entire circumference of the island is one panorama, where the magnificent tropical forest with its undergrowth of jungle run down at one place to the very water's edge, dipping its large leaves into the glassy sea, and at another is abruptly broken by a brown rocky cliff, or a late landslip over which the jungle has not yet had time to extend itself. Here and there, too, are scattered little green islands, set like gems on the bosom of the hushed waters, between which the excursionist, the trader, or the pirate, is wont to steer his course. "Eternal summer gilds these shores;" no sooner has the blossom of one tree passed away than that of another takes its place, and sheds fresh perfume all around; as for the foliage, that never seems to die. Perfumed islands are in many people's minds merely fabled dreams, but they are easy of realization here. There is scarcely a part of the island, except those few places where the original forest and jungle have been cleared away, from which at night-time, on the first breathings of the land-winds, may not be felt those lovely forest perfumes, even at the distance of more than a mile from the shore. These land-winds—or, more properly, land-airs, for they can scarcely be said to blow, but only to breathe—usually commence at ten o'clock at night, and continue till within an hour or two of sunrise. They are welcomed by all; by the sailor because they speed him on either course, and by the wearied resident because of their delicious coolness.—*Cameron's Tropical Possessions in Malayan India.*

Happiness.—The idea has been transmitted from generation to generation that happiness is one large and beautiful precious stone, a single gem so rare that all search after it is vain, all effort for it hopeless. It is not so. Happiness is a mosaic composed of many smaller stones. Each taken apart and viewed singly may be of little value, but when all are grouped together and judiciously combined and set they form a pleasing and graceful whole—a costly jewel. Trample not under foot, then, the little pleasures which a gracious Providence scatters in the daily path, and which, in eager search after some great exciting joy, we are apt to overlook. Why should we always keep our eyes fixed on the bright and distant horizon, while there are so many lovely roses in the garden in which we are permitted to walk? The very ardor of our chase after happiness may be the reason that she so often eludes our grasp. We pantingly strain after her when she has been graciously brought nigh unto us.

The Grave of the Beloved.—The grave of those we have loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up, in long review, the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness—the solemn, awful, tenderness of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs—its noiseless attendance—its mute, watchful assiduities! The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh, how thrilling!—pressure of the hand! The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning from us even on the threshold of existence! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection?

Ay, go to the grave of buried love and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unregarded—of that departed being who can never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition! If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear—the more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing. Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile, tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duty to the living.

White Lies.—"How do you do, Mrs. Jones? I am glad to see you." Now here is a white lie at the very beginning of things; and yet what else can I say, and what harm have I done? and yet again, lie as it is I contend that it is absolutely necessary, and even an act of virtue into the bargain. I certainly am not glad to see Mrs. Jones. I have no dislike to her, and perhaps I rather like her than not, and it may be that I distinctly respect her and think highly of her moral qualities; but glad to see her! when she has come just at the most awkward time she could have chosen—only cold mutton for dinner and not enough of that, Emma gone a visiting, and only that dirty slatternly Jane left to wait and do all the work, baby fractious with his teeth and will not go to the new nurse, and I with a headache that almost distracts me. And Mrs. Jones has a shrill metallic voice, not unlike the rasping of a file or the setting of a saw. But can I, ought I, to tell her that she is a nuisance, and that I am any thing but glad to see her? In strict truth, I am telling a lie if a white one, when I welcome her and bid her be seated and take off her bonnet; but it seems to me the only thing left me to do, and I can see no outlet any where else. If she says—shrieking out her words more like a poll-parrot than a human being—"Am I in your way, my dear?" truth would bid me answer, "Abominably so;" but good-breeding and Christian charity—and, let me tell you, Christian charity is the best breeding we have—crisp my lips into the proper smile, and toll from off my tongue like beads upon a string the conventional words, "Not at all, dear Mrs. Jones. I am very glad to see you, if you can put up with things a little uncomfortable and out of order." If I were to say "Yes, you *are* in my way, and I shall be obliged to you if you will go," I think I should be doing a great wrong. Mrs. Jones has come very many miles to see me: she lives at Watford and I live at Bayswater; she has had nothing to eat since her eight o'clock breakfast and it is now one; but if I were to tell her, though never so mildly, that she was a nuisance, and an encumbrance, and decidedly on my back as the French say, she would take huff as surely as straw catches fire, and about as quickly, and be off again at a moment's notice, unrested, unrefreshed, and my enemy for life. I look upon my white lie as simple self-sacrifice and discipline, and I should regard the truth as a bit of rather coarse and uncharitable selfishness.

"If you please," said the Weather-cock to the Wind, "turn me to the south; there is such a cry out against the cold that I am afraid they'll pull me down if I stop much longer in this north quarter."

So the Wind flew from the south, and the sun was master of the day, and rain fell abundantly.

"Oh, please to turn me from the south," said the Weather-cock to the Wind again. "The potatoes will all be spoiled, and the corn wants dry weather, and while I am here *rain it will;* and, what with the heat and the wet, the farmers are just mad against me."

So the Wind shifted into the west, and there came soft drying breezes day after day.

"Oh dear, dear!" said the Weather-cock, "here's a pretty *to do!* such evil looks as I get from eyes all round me the first thing every morning! the grass is getting parched up, and there is no water for the stock; and what is to be done? As to the *gardeners*, they say there won't be a pea to be seen, and the vegetables will wither away. Do turn me somewhere else."

Upon which the Wind grew very angry, and with a fierce puff sent the Weather-cock into the east.

"What do they say to you now?" he asked.

"What!" cried the Weather-cock; "why every body has caught cold, and every thing is blighted—that's what they say; and there isn't a misfortune that happens but, somehow or other, they lay it to the east wind."

"Well!" cried the Wind, "let them find fault: I see it's impossible for you and me to please every body; so in future I shall *blow* where I like, and you shall *go* where I like, without asking any questions. I don't know but that we shall satisfy more then than we can do now, with all our consideration."

Photographs may flatter us, but the looking-glass does not. When you look into yours next time, and the suggestive little monitor in your own mind hints that such and such features are not quite the thing, don't be in a hurry to console yourself with your nose, or teeth, or eyebrows, or some special half-view which you believe shows your facial beauty or capabilities to the best; but assume, take for granted, accept as the most certain fact you ever are likely to be possessed of, that your acquaintances, if they have noticed your features at all, remark chiefly that which you pass by in order to contemplate what pleases you better. There may be one who loves your face—who loves its defects. No dressing or manipulation would make it better or worse in those eyes. But if you have only one ugly feature, that is noticed by your unfeeling majority, who don't care twopence whether you are handsome or plain. Accept the fact that you are not handsome. Accept it with a good-humored smile, and with the conviction that ugly people are always the pleasantest, are people who know that they are ugly, and don't ever trouble themselves to sit in becoming attitudes, or, indeed, think about their faces at all. Be sure that your anxiety about your nose, or lips, or hair, or eyelashes, which really absorbs so much of your time and thoughts, need disturb you no longer. There they are; you can't alter them. If you try to do so, if you paint or dye, you make yourself ridiculous, if not ghastly. It never deceives your friends; they notice it, and say nothing, because they don't like to hurt your feelings; but they think you silly: they respect you, and you respect yourself, so much the less.

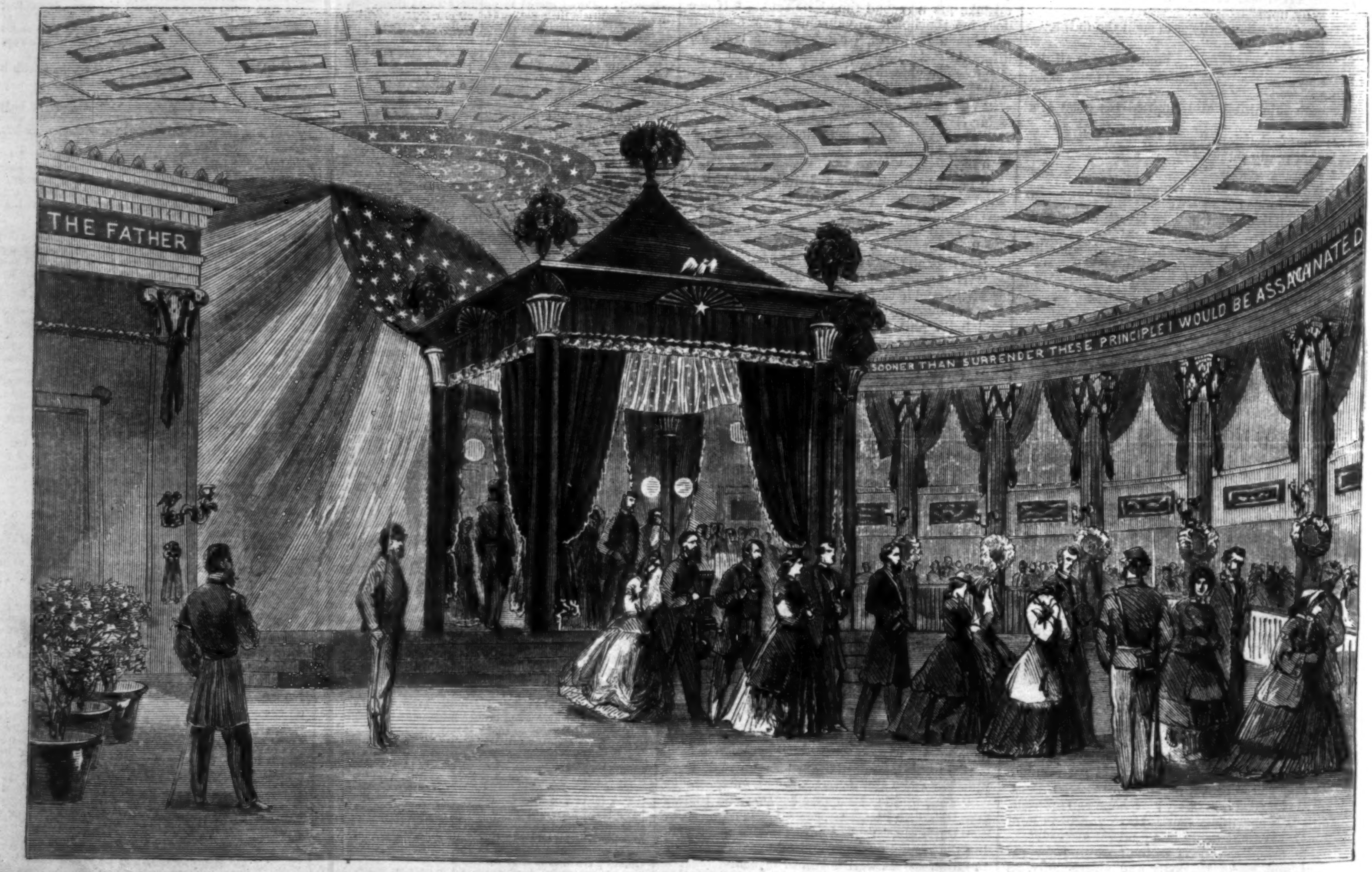
Canada, rather a nation than a province in any common acceptation of the term, includes not less than 346,863 square miles of territory, independently of its northwestern possessions not yet open for settlement. It is three times as large as Great Britain and Ireland, and more than three times as large as Prussia. It intervenes between the Great Northwest and the Maritime Provinces, and consists chiefly of a vast territorial projection into the territory of the United States, although it possesses a coast of nearly 1000 miles on the river and gulf of the St. Lawrence, where fisheries of cod, herring, mackerel, and salmon are carried on successfully. Valuable fisheries exist also in its lakes. It is rich in metallic ore and in the resources of its forests. Large portions of its territory are peculiarly favorable to the growth of wheat, barley, and the other cereals of the north. During the life of the present generation, or the last quarter of a century, its population has increased more than fourfold, or from 582,000 to 2,500,000.

A Test of Memory.—A gentleman had so bad a memory, and so circumscribed, that he scarce knew what he read. A friend, knowing this, lent him the same book to read seven times over; and being asked afterward how he liked it, replied, "I think it is an admirable production, but the author sometimes repeats the same things."

HUNT BARBOUR & HALE
IMPORTERS
DRESS GOODS
SILKS
SHAWLS

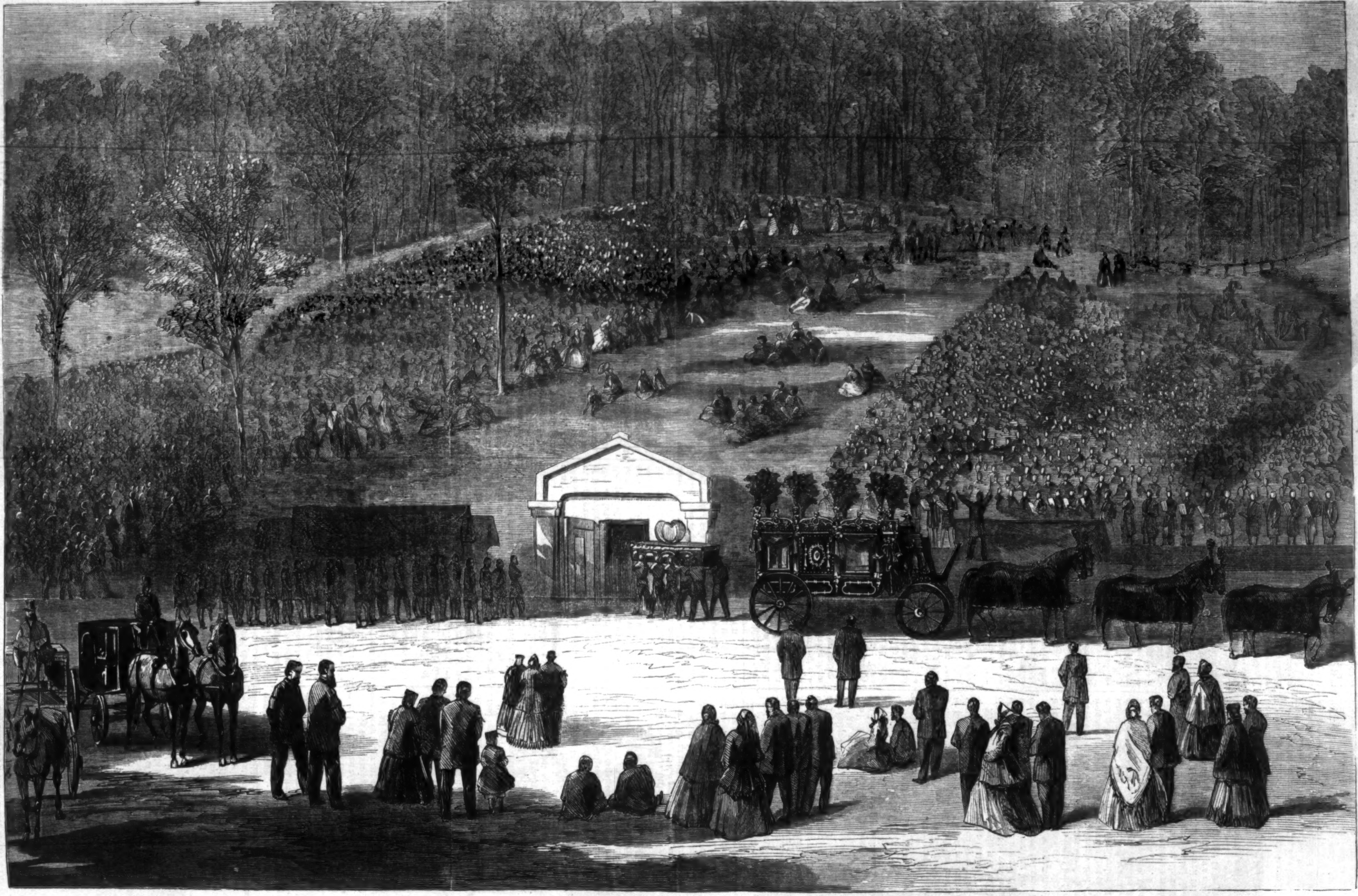
PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL—PROCESSION IN CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ATSCHULET, CHICAGO.]


THE FATHER
SOONER THAN SURRENDER THESE PRINCIPLE I WOULD BE ASSASINATED

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL—CATAFALQUE IN THE CITY-HALL, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

[SKETCHED BY W. WAUD.]



PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL—BURIAL SERVICE AT OAK RIDGE, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.—[Sketched by W. Waud.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Life's Drop-Scene.—The gallows.

The Drop-Scene of the Dissipated.—The public house.

A Cockney's Blunder.—A country gentleman was strolling out with a cockney friend—a genuine cockney—when they finally approached a meadow in which was standing a glorious crop of hay. The cockney gazed at it wonderingly. It wasn't grass—it wasn't wheat—it wasn't turnip-tops. "Vy, vat ever does you call this stuff?" said he to his companion. "That—why, hay, to be sure!" was the reply. "Hay! he! come, that's cutting it a little too thick! If that's hay, just show me the hay-corns—come, now!"

A Bachelor's Choice.—"Oh, Mr. Grubbles!" exclaimed a young mother, "shouldn't you like to have a family of rosy children about your knee?" "No, ma'am," said the disagreeable old bachelor, "I'd rather have a lot of yellow boys in my pocket!"

Anatomical Discovery.—For a long time it has baffled the medical authorities to account for the force with which the waves beat against the shore, and it has recently come to light that it arises from the fact of there being "mus-cles" in the sea.

"Well, Sambo, how do you like your new place?" "Not berry well, massa." "What did you have for breakfast this morning?" "Why, you see, missis biled three eggs for herself and gib me de brof."

A New Edition.—The Emperor of the French is about to produce *Julius Cæsar* in a new form. A new iron-clad is about to be published—we should say launched—and will be named after the great Roman. This may be regarded as a new edition "with plates."

Notes to be Remembered.—Constant occupation prevents temptation.—Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter.—God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into the nest.—An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.—A man is never so apt to be crooked as when he is in a strait.—A teamster may do a brisk business, but a wheel-barrow man carries all before him.—Our real wants are few. The stomach tires of every thing but bread and water.—There is one good wife in the country; but let every married man think that he hath her.—The man who was struck by a coincidence is fast recovering.—A woman's tears soften a man's heart; her flatteries his head.

A contraband explains how blood-hounds sent in pursuit of fugitives may be thrown off the track—"If dem hounds gets closer into you, why jest get a long pole and hop about twenty feet if you kin. You do dis four or five times, and whenever you light why jest put some pepper in de holes what your heels make, and when de hounds come dey lose dar scent, and den dey goes snuffin' roun,' and bymeey dey snuffles up dat ar pepper into dar nostrils, and den dey'll go chee! chee! chee! and dat'll be de last dem dogs can do dat day."

Needs a work on punctuation—that private in the army who sent a letter to a little girl at home, closing with, "May Heaven cherish and keep you from yours truly John Smith."

Improving Nature.—A lecturer addressing a Hampshire audience contended with tiresome prolixity that art could not improve nature, until one of his hearers, losing all patience, set the room in a roar by exclaiming, "How would you look without your wig?"

Be always at leisure to do a good action, never make business an excuse for avoiding offices of humanity.

Epitaph for a Whist Player.—"No Cards."

Epitaph on a Crossing-sweeper.—Being *swept* away, he *returned* to dust.

There is no monarch's signet-ring that is typical of as much duty as the wedding-ring is.

Why is St. Paul's Cathedral like a bird-nest?—Because it was built by a Wren.

A laughable story is told of a farmer who thought he saw a man sleeping in his barn, and sent for an officer who, after providing himself with lantern, handcuffs, and staff, went to the barn, stirred up the figure, lectured it, and threatened it, and ended by discovering that it was the old figure-head of a ship, partly covered with hay.

LEFT WELL OFF.

This is a story of deep and seemingly successful guilt; but that, in making it public, we are chargeable with rendering crime less repulsive let none assert until they have read it to the ending.

Among the wild but significant legends of Scandinavia there is a tradition of a *witch* who kept all around her in ruin and desolation, only by sitting in a certain fixed posture. I recall this legend whenever I think of old Mrs. Ainsworth. Mrs. Ainsworth, like that witch of the north, blighted the whole neighborhood, of which she was the chief proprietor, by the posture in which *she* chose to sit—I mean, with her hand tightly clutched over her pocket.

The best part of her estates were in a manufacturing town, and their tenants willing to charge themselves with all necessary repairs; so that, short-sighted as her frugality may be deemed, her niggardly way of living made her extremely rich.

A word or two on the circumstances under which Darwen Hall, where she resided, together with the other property, had first come into her possession.

Her husband, William Ainsworth, had been the younger of two brothers. Christopher, the elder, had inherited a small estate in Lancashire. William had been left entirely penniless; but Christopher had insisted on giving him the half of what had fallen to himself. Both the brothers embarked in the cotton trade. Christopher was unlucky and lost his all; but William, thanks to the discovery of coal on the property his brother had resigned to him, grew, in no long time, to be a wealthy, very wealthy, manufacturer and proprietor. He was not over-mindful of his ruined brother. But when that brother lay dying, while still a young man, with an only child to leave behind him, William was really sorry that he should have received so much and returned so little, and he told his brother (whose wife had preceded him to the grave) to have no fear for the future of the boy. "*Of course*," he said, "Richard's welfare would be his chief concern as long as he lived, and at his death he should leave him heir to the whole of his fortune."

All which he fully intended to do; but William Ainsworth was one whose intentions of to-day were but sorry guides to his performances of the morrow. Richard, when thus left by his father, was just thirteen years of age, and his uncle was a bachelor little over forty. At the age of fifty, Mr. William Ainsworth rewarded his housekeeper for her long years of service by giving her his hand.

I do not think the marriage very much increased his happiness. She kept him in a bondage which grew in rigor as he grew feebler and feebler in health. But the crowning folly and wrong of William Ainsworth was the very last act of his life. By his will he bequeathed his large property to Mrs. Ainsworth herself. It is, however, due to him to say, that he first obtained from her a solemn promise that all the wealth he now left her should, by herself, be left to Richard at her own decease. "If you only leave it to me for life," she said, "he'll spend it before he has got it, you know."

But it is due also to her to say, that within a week after her husband's funeral, she had made and executed a will in strict accordance with his instructions. So poor William Ainsworth had gone to his grave, trying to fancy that he had gratified the wife he so greatly feared, at the cost of no injustice to the nephew, whose claims upon him were so strong. His nephew, you may be sure, took no such view of the affair. Richard was about completing the really excellent education his uncle had given him; and, just when he needed money to start him in the world, he found himself virtually disinherited almost. Whether he would at any time touch a sixpence of the wealth he had been trained to expect depended on the good faith of the mean and sordid woman whom his uncle had so unrighteously favored before him. Granting that she might be trusted to observe her solemn engagement, who could tell into what hands she might fall, should her faculties diminish as years increased upon her? At the very best, she was but six-and-fifty years old, and twenty, or even thirty years might elapse ere her death made room for her heir.

That he could expect nothing from her as long as she remained alive, Mrs. Ainsworth took an early opportunity of hinting, in the most decisive manner she could. When, in spite of this rude intimation, he ventured to tell her that his uncle would surely have aided him, now that he was beginning to read for the bar, he got a reply from his uncle's widow warning him, that though she had kept, and desired still to keep, her promise of leaving him all at her death, still, if, not satisfied with his excellent prospects, he persisted in making demands for the present, she should feel it her duty to consider whether his uncle would really have wished his money to go to a person so very likely to squander it away. Poor Richard never again hazarded his future in so hopeless an enterprise as an appeal to the pity or justice of his aunt.

Only just before his marriage—for in spite of his poverty he married at six-and-twenty—he wrote, informing her of the step contemplated by him, but with no satisfactory result.

Had he set himself resolutely to battle against misfortune, and, since wealth for the present had eluded his grasp, to show that he could do without it, he might even have come to exult in the cruel disappointment of his youth, and it might never have fallen to my lot to write the dark story of his actual life. But he was hardly of a stomach to face and defy the obstacles to a poor man's advancement. And ever present was the knowledge that any day *might* put to his lips the golden draught which for the present eluded him, like water the thirsty Tantalus. Any morning might bring him the news that Mrs. Ainsworth was dead, and himself translated, as from a waste wilderness, into a land overflowing with milk and honey.

But no such day came, and Richard Ainsworth dragged on a weary life, kept from absolute ruin by the small income which came with his wife, and by one or two little legacies which dropped in from his relations on the side of his mother. His uncle Tackaway, an ex-captain in the merchant service, left him a few hundred pounds, and a few rarities collected by him from different regions he had visited in his sailor's career. Most of them went to ornament the parlor of Richard's house in the New Kent Road—for to that transpontine locality did his straitened circumstances confine him. But Captain Tackaway's cabinet had held *one* curiosity which, as he once told Richard while alive, he would not have bequeathed save to a thoroughly honest man. It was a colorless gum, prepared from the juice of some South American shrub, and well known to the Indian tribes of a certain region. Whether on the tips of their darts and arrows, or dissolved in drink, it was alike undiscoverable in its traces, and fatal in its effects. The few Europeans who were acquainted with it were very backward, considering the wicked uses which might be made of it, in extending that knowledge to any one besides.

Richard locked the perilous treasure carefully away, and it slumbered, harmless enough, for I know not how long a period.

I dare say many whom nothing would tempt to commit a crime might feel a vague sense of triumph at having so fearful a power in their hands. And such, I believe, was the nearest approach to evil its possession excited in Richard's thoughts.

He had now, for some years, had no reminder—no, not so much as a formal note—of his detested aunt's existence; and poverty, never distant from his door, now threatened to take permanent possession of his house. It happened that one of his old Cambridge friends undertook, once upon a time, the temporary curacy of the village near which Mrs. Ainsworth resided.

This enabled Richard to gather a few confidential particulars as to Mrs. Ainsworth's manner of life, and other such things; whether her behavior indicated any softening of disposition as she grew older; whether any symptoms portended that her life would soon reach its termination; and other matters of a similar kind. The curate, who knew why these questions were interesting to his friend, though he knew not how present poverty intensified their interest, wrote back a lively and minute account of such matters as he had been able to collect.

Mrs. Ainsworth grew meaner as she grew older. Some said her health was precarious; but nothing apparently forbade her living for several years to come. (She was only sixty-seven now.) In spite of her desperate love of money she took some care of her life. "Every Saturday afternoon," wrote Richard's correspondent, taking him at his word, and giving minutely all he could tell—"every Saturday afternoon Druggerby makes up for her a small bottle of quinine draught, with which, I suppose, she braces herself up for the devotions of Sunday. Any time between two and five on Saturday you may see the little round vial, wrapped in its blue paper, lying on the counter of the shop." A few other particulars were added, not material to the story.

It is seldom safe, and never agreeable, to profess to trace the rise and progress of an evil purpose. That Richard should meditate bitterly on the wealth, which was about as little enjoyed by its present owner as by himself, will be matter of surprise to no one.

He thought with increasing frequency of the fearful weapon which lay within his power. At one time, pressed by new difficulties, he would resolve to trust in Providence no more, but with his own hand to accomplish the event which would change the world altogether to him. Then again he would repel the temptation, and resolve that, lose what else he might, he would never part with his integrity. He would put the crime beyond his reach by destroying the deadly thing. But this intention he never carried into practice. And so, for months more, he went on, tossed to and fro between evil and good, his wife believing that his frequent fits of melancholy were only due to their cruel embarrassments, which now began to press on them with greater hardship than ever.

One morning, when the month of May was nearly half over, he told her that, ill as they could afford it, he must take a short excursion into the country, or he should very soon be as bankrupt in health as in wealth.

Mrs. Richard, the most loving and unselfish of wives, cheerfully seconded the proposal. His demeanor for some time past had been afflicting her with horrible fears, lest, under the continued pressure of trouble, his reason might be giving way, and such a loss no future gifts of fortune could possibly repair. So she urged on the plan with every argument she could call to mind.

He was to go alone, and proposed to return within a very few days.

On the evening before his departure he rambled through different regions of London, making several purchases, and never buying more than one thing at any single shop.

He was to go to Matlock, and thence take a walking excursion into some of the choicest scenes of Derbyshire. He gave an assumed name at the Matlock hotel. There was little likelihood that at that part of the year he would meet any one who knew him. If he did, they would very plausibly set down his change of name to a well-grounded dread of pursuing creditors. One Saturday morning, having arrived the previous evening, he started off, equipped as for an excursion, and carrying a small carpet bag in his hand. He walked a good distance out of Matlock in a northerly direction; then coming to a wood, through which lay a pathway, he prepared for his next proceeding. Ensconcing himself in the shelter of the trees, he unlocked his carpet-bag and took out of it the things he had brought from London. Among them were a coat and "wide-awake," greatly differing from those with which he had walked out of Matlock. These he hastily assumed. Then he took out a black wig, a pair of black mustaches, and a pair of black eyebrows, placing each according to its proper destination. Then, with a mixture out of a bottle, he stained his face and hands, giving them the dark yellowish tint of a Spaniard or Italian. Then, closing the bag, he wrapped it in a large red handkerchief and carried it as a bundle. The stick with which he had left the hotel he threw away, likewise the bottle he had been using. Then emerging from the wood by the gate at which he had entered, he walked until he reached, by a circuitous route, a station from which he could find his way into Lancashire; and—to make short a story there is no need for prolonging—one o'clock on that day found him entering the manufacturing village of Darwen. A mile or two off, but very little incommoded by the smoke of the tall chimneys, stood the Hall, which, had justice been done him, would long ago have been his home.

He took some refreshment at the "Black Bull;" and, shortly after two o'clock, walked quietly up the village, looking out for the apothecary, Mr. Druggerby. He approached the window just as the man of medicine placed on his counter (visible from the street) a small vial wrapped up in blue paper.

Richard entered the shop at once.

"I have got a pain in my chest," he said; "will you mix me a little ginger and soda, or something of that sort?"

Mr. Druggbery suggested some additional ingredient, and turned round to the bottles which graced the wall behind him. While he did so, Richard hastily exchanged the vial on the counter for one of the same size, which he took out of his pocket; for he had brought with him *prepared* bottles of two or three different sizes, each containing a quinine mixture.

Then he complained of feeling faint and requiring air. He would, he said, return in a few minutes and take the draught, which could be mixed for him in the interval.

Taking in his pocket the vial he had removed from the counter, and which was addressed, "Mrs. Ainsworth, Darwen Hall—to be taken as before," he walked slowly toward a field which lay near, for one lengthy street constituted the entire village. When there, he stooped down, as if in pain, and (so carefully that one standing within a foot of him might not have detected the act) he poured on the ground the contents of the bottle he had taken, and refilled it from one of those he carried in his pocket. Then he returned to the shop, drank off the mixture which lay ready for him, and, watching his opportunity, restored to the counter the vial he had removed a few minutes before. The blue paper had not been sealed up, although even for that emergency he was not unprepared. So neatly and so carefully had he done the deadly work, that any suspicion of the thing was improbable in the last degree. Once more quitting the shop, he walked up the village in the direction of the Hall. So many years had elapsed since last Mrs. Ainsworth had seen him, that, disguised as he was, she would never detect him should he any where encounter her. His friend, the curate, had quitted Darwen some time before. He walked to the lodge gates of the house which might so soon be his, noted how the grass-grown walks bore witness to the niggardly spirit of the woman who barred him out of his rights. He thought, on that ever-memorable Saturday, *could* it be the will of Providence that she should any longer cumber the world—and him?

To remain all night in the neighborhood was too hazardous a thing to be thought of. A stranger, unable to give any clear account of himself, stopping in a place with which he had no ascertainable connection, just when the neighborhood is startled by the sudden death of its wealthiest inhabitant—this were a coincidence far too striking to escape comment and inquiry. So, trusting that no accident would mar his plot—successful thus far—he quitted the village, reversed, when at a safe distance the disguise process through which he had gone in the morning, and, without revisiting Matlock, returned to his home in time for church on Sunday morning.

We must now record one or two things which occurred at Darwen after his departure.

Early that evening Mrs. Ainsworth received, in obedience to her summons, a visit from her lawyer. He had ridden over from Churley, a town about five miles away, and was now sitting at tea with her in the parlor, which looked out on a small but very pretty park.

But the poor woman had no eye for the beauties of nature. She made the tea, putting in a scanty allowance out of the caddy, but a liberal supply from a bottle containing carbonate of soda, the only bottle she did not keep under lock and key. Christie M'Tarnie, her Scotch servant, was buttering the bread beside her.

"Oh dear! not so much butter as *that*, Christie!" she sharply exclaimed; for Christie had erroneously believed that Mr. Deeply's presence would authorize a departure from the rigid economy of ordinary days—"not so much butter as *that!* How you are wasting my property, to be sure! You know I never have it in that way; and I know Mr. Deeply likes his bread as I do—rather dry."

The lawyer, who had a decided weakness in favor of hot buttered cakes and kindred delicacies, gave a ghastly acquiescence, and Christie redistributed the butter on the old conservative principles. The meal over, she carried the tea-tray out of the room; and Mrs. Ainsworth addressed herself to the business of the evening.

"I have felt a little unwell lately, Mr. Deeply, and I wanted to see you respecting my will. You know I did as my husband wished, and made a will leaving to his nephew all he left *me*. But since then I have managed, being very careful, to put by a few savings, and I have no idea of Mr. Richard having *them*. He'll be rich enough without, in all conscience; so I want you to draw a codicil, with some legacies to relations of my own."

"Certainly, Mrs. Ainsworth. By-the-way, may I ask if you have lately heard from Mr. Richard?"

"Not *I*, indeed! not once since he was married. He wrote to me then to say he was going to take a wife; and I wrote back to say that I thought him very foolish; and that was all the writing between us. He knows he'll get nothing from me as long as I'm alive, and so he never writes—and it's much the better he shouldn't."

"Ah, my dear madam, don't be too hard upon him! I hear he is miserably poor, and it's hard, you know, to make an empty sack stand upright. We that are well off—"

"Speak for *yourself*, Mr. Deeply, if you please."

"Well, ma'am, we that are *comparatively* well off should make allowances for him."

"I know you persist, like other people, in thinking me rich, Mr. Deeply," resumed the woman, forgetting she had just said how rich her heir would be if he inherited but a part of her present possessions. "I was left pretty well off by my husband, and I've been careful since then; that's all."

Mr. Deeply knew that the savings of which his client spoke so modestly could not be very far short of sixty thousand pounds; but assured that she meditated no such thing as disinheriting her nephew, he was content in minor matters to humor her.

After further conversation it was arranged that he should renew his visit on Monday. Meantime Mrs. Ainsworth would draw up a list of her intended legatees, and the several sums she designed to leave them. As soon as Mr. Deeply had driven from the door she called for a candle (not candles), and addressed herself to the distribution of her ready money. She sat writing, and erasing, and rewriting for some time, then pushed the paper from her, as though, even in imagination, the parting with her money was abhorrent to her.

"Let me see! I might leave two thousand to my cousin, Alice Howarth, and one thousand to William Longworth—but I don't know; should I wish to alter it, if they don't behave well to me, it would be frightfully expensive to make a new will. They all look upon me as a person to be preyed upon. I think—"

Then she rang the bell, which the servant presently answered.

"Christie," said Mrs. Ainsworth, "has Druggerby sent me my draught as usual?"

"Oh yes, ma'am. Will you take it now?"

"Why, upon my word, Christie, I've been thinking it's a terrible expense to me having those draughts once a week. I thought of trying if I could do without them; but then, you know, if I became *really ill*, I should have such expenses as would nearly ruin me! I think I *will* take it; but not *now*—by-and-by. You can bring it when I go to bed. Christie, I've been talking with Mr. Deeply about arranging the disposal of my little property. Now, if you continue to satisfy me, why, besides all you get now, you'll one day find yourself handsomely remembered. Only recollect I can't afford any *waste* in my house!"

And Christie retired from the room. Her mistress resumed her occupation, and continued writing down figures and names for an hour or two more; then she rang the bell; and long before eleven the house was dark and quiet.

About eight o'clock the next morning the people of Darwen were startled from their late Sunday slumbers by the tidings that Mrs. Ainsworth had been found dead in her bed. The poison of which Richard had availed himself was said, by the few who were acquainted with its qualities, to leave no traces in its victims. And the coroner's jury, who sat in Darwen Hall, reported the cause of death as natural, though startling. Mr. Druggerby stated the composition of the draught which, as Christie deposed, her mistress had taken before retiring. And the physician from Manchester designated the fatal complaint by some long name, which I will spare myself the trouble of writing and you the trouble of reading. The anger of her relatives (who found, from the paper left in her desk, what handsome legacies they had narrowly missed receiving) I may also leave to your imagination.

But Richard acted very generously, and gave large sums to all of them who could be thought to stand in any particular need of money. He meant in all things to be a liberal steward of the wealth which had come to him in even greater abundance than he had expected. He felt, "To gain all this I have taken a bold departure from the right; only by doing the utmost good with my wealth can I hope to be clear in God's sight or my own."

Their sudden prosperity came on Mr. and Mrs. Richard in time for them to enjoy the latter part of that year's London season.

Quitting the New Kent Road forever, they took for the month a set of apartments somewhere near the Regent's Park. In August they proposed to give themselves what they had long vainly desired—a Continental tour. In autumn they would return home, to find Darwen Hall refitted and refurnished, and to commence that long course of benevolence and hospitality of which Darwen was henceforth to be the favored scene.

They sat together one morning in July, talking of their past privations and future prospects. Christie M'Tarnie, at her own desire, had been permitted to enter their service. She might butter bread in freedom now. The beggar-maid whom King Cophetua made his queen can hardly have had a larger accession of comforts than a mere change of service had brought to poor Christie; but, as Mrs. Richard was remarking to her husband, the Scotchwoman looked as if something were on her mind which she wished, but could not resolve, to make known. Especially if any thing was ever said about her dead mistress, Christie betrayed confusion, and seemed to hesitate whether she should speak or be silent.

Richard told his wife that he had no pleasant thoughts connected with Mrs. Ainsworth, and would rather dismiss her from his remembrance.

"You look dreadfully dull, my dear," he presently remarked.

"I was only *thinking*," she replied.

"But I don't like to see you thinking, my love." You can very well afford to do without thinking now; so pray *don't* think!"

No, he was in earnest! he did not like her to be *thinking*. He felt as King Henry may have felt (Fair Rosamond's King Henry) when he heard that Queen Eleanor had taken a fancy to ramble about Woodstock Forest. Thinking people are often led by their thoughts into strange conclusions. With such a secret hidden in its depths, the less the labyrinth were trodden the safer and the better for him.

"You are not so absurd," he asked, a minute or two after, "as to suspect the poor woman of having caused the old lady's death, sudden as it was?"

"My dearest Richard, how can you suggest any thing so frightful? Poor woman! I believe her as incapable of harming any body, even in thought, as *you* are, dearest. But I was thinking how mercifully—though it seems too much like rejoicing at another's death—we have been rescued from our poverty just when it seemed at its worst. I told you God would not forsake us, would *we* but wait His proper time; and you see you have not trusted Him in vain."

Within two months of Christmas they had taken possession of Darwen. And great indeed was the joy, both of rich and poor, at the new order of things which had begun to reign there. Not that Richard threw himself into extravagance; he had been far too intimate with Dame Poverty not to take heed that his parting with that severe, but sometimes serviceable school-mistress, should be a leave-taking forever; but with estates yielding six thousand a year, and forty or fifty thousand in ready money, he was entitled to indulge a little in the luxury of scattering. So vast were the largesses bestowed upon the poor that even the vicar of the parish, than whom none had more heartily welcomed the change of dynasty, ventured to hint that a virtue in excess may become a vice.

"But surely, Mr. Creed," said the new squire of Darwen, "you must know how bad a thing it is when the rich withhold their money?"

"Assuredly, Mr. Ainsworth. I have groaned many a time over the state of things which—well, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*—which once prevailed here. And I'm sure you have my heartiest thanks, as the clergyman, for the very different spirit in which *you* are acting. But don't you think—I trust I sha'n't give offense—don't you think you may be in some danger of mistaking reverse of wrong for right? I fear, and I tell it you, because I feel it were not honest in me to keep it back, that the help you so generously extend is not always well received—that is, not always rightly used."

Richard was not offended. He saw that Mr. Creed's motives were excellent, and he promised that henceforth his charities should be not less profuse, but more discriminate.

But when it was in his mind to proclaim that none but the "deserving" should receive, something from within him asked how he, of all men, dared to think of any body as unworthy of his doles. "Hypocrite!" said the inner voice, "because you could not endure poverty, and thirsted for wealth, you took the life of a fellow-creature who stood in your way! What were *your* very worst privations compared to those which daily compass about the people whom you call undeserving? What if there were tell-tales who could whisper the facts of *your* life to *them?* Why, the most destitute and disreputable of them all would start away from you, even if you held out a purse of gold to them! *You*, forsooth, to talk of giving only to the 'deserving' poor!"

So Richard Ainsworth found out that even unsuspected crime is likely to be a source of weakness to the secret criminal, and cripples the energies he would exert for good.

When the new reign had lasted for six months I grieve to say that the moral condition of Darwen was a little *worse* than under the selfish and pitiless rule of the days gone by. And Richard could not obtain what most he coveted—such evidence of good done by him as might be thought to atone for the fearful guilt that had enriched him.

Persuaded that it is not so easy to be a good steward of wealth, he was glad, when spring came round, to remove for a season to London. Once there, he sought the desired relief to his conscience by throwing himself into the benevolent work so largely provided by that enormous metropolis. He found, if not all the peace he sought, at least some distraction in work from the thought which gnawed him, save when the present shut out the past. And he did not despair, as time passed on, he should succeed in pushing to a further and further distance the troublous thoughts which haunted him.

Christie had now gone the way of all middle-aged domestics—that is, she had married, and devoted part of the very handsome dowry bestowed upon her to the purchase of a public house in Paddington. She had grown much attached to her new mistress; and as the "Bagpiper" was not far from Hyde Park Gardens, Christie paid frequent visits to Mrs. Ainsworth in her London home.

One moonlight night, a little past midsummer, and at about twelve o'clock, Richard walked home from a dinner in Grosvenor Square, for he had begun to keep great company now. He met the policeman just as he turned into the inclosure, pacing his monotonous way. If that policeman could have known under what circumstances, ere passing that spot a second time, he would be summoned to behold the gentleman now walking away from him! Richard saw by the light in his bedroom that his wife had already retired. As he neared the front-door it was opened to let some one pass out. That person was Christie. He thought she looked a little afraid of him. He said some word in answer to her respectful, though hurried greeting. Then he entered the house, and went up stairs to his wife at once. There was a peculiar paleness about her face; but, in answer to his eager inquiries, she declared herself to be quite well, only a little fatigued.

"So you've had Christie again," he remarked. "I met her going away."

"Yes; and do you know, I've found out now why it was that the poor woman always looked so confused whenever we spoke about her old mistress! Poor Christie! if any body *had* been wicked enough to accuse her of putting any thing into the medicine that night, she could have given them a very complete answer. I now know—"

"Why, what old woman's stories have you and she been talking? I do wish, Emma, you'd drop that matter, once for all."

"My sweet love, I *shall* drop it; only let me explain myself. Christie has *proved* that the *draught* never did her mistress the slightest harm, for—"

"Of course! of course! Who ever was fool enough to say it *did?*"

"They could be very soon convinced of their error, at all events, for the last draught the old lady *never took.*"

"Never took it! Then how came it—"

"Christie has just told me that on that last night her mistress was alive she spoke something about leaving her a legacy, which put the draught quite out of her head; and it seems her mistress forgot it also. She found the bottle, after she had told the coroner (having no idea of telling a falsehood) that her mistress had taken it as usual. That is what has made the poor thing so uncomfortable. She fancies that, had she remembered it, her mistress might not have died. And you can't wonder that, when no good could come of it, she did not like to tell people. Besides, she was afraid that something might happen to her for giving wrong evidence to the coroner; but she has told *me* (in confidence, of course); and she brought the draught here."

So his crime had been superfluous, after all. And it was *not* as a cloak for ignorance, but with strict veracity, that the physician had declared his aunt to have died of ascertainable disease.

Such innocence as may consist in crime carried no further than intent was now absolutely restored to him!

"And what has she—what have you done with that *accursed* stuff?" he presently inquired, with frantic emphasis.

"My love, how nervous dining out appears to have made you! Why, I felt that a tonic would do *me* good; and, as Christie very sensibly remarked, the old lady would never have loved paying for this mixture unless it really did *her* good, so I drank it myself, just before you came in."

"Great God! then I have murdered *you!*"

"Oh, Richard! what can you mean? And I feel as if it were chilling me all over. Oh!" And she sank back, fainting—dying—in the chair.

"Oh, forgiveness, Emma! It was more for *your* sake than my own. I could not bear to be kept out of my rights. And this poison was for that *devil*—yes, *devil!* for she has destroyed me, body and soul. And all would have been well had I but waited a single day longer! Oh, say you believe that I would have died again and again sooner than harm you, Emma!"

He knelt beseechingly before her; but whatever was in her thoughts, her lips were restrained from uttering the words. His next entreaty was poured into the ears of the dead.

The policeman, repassing the house not many minutes later, saw him dash himself out of the topmost window. He was taken up not yet entirely dead.

He gasped out, "I have murdered my wife; she lies up stairs!" and in a few moments he had ceased to live.

They found the unhappy lady even as he had said. As no traces of violence could be detected, and as the poison defied all chemical analysis, it was believed that her death, however unaccountable, was not otherwise than natural, and that his distraction at the sudden shock of losing her had driven him to his terrible self-destruction.

So they were buried in the cemetery side by side. Their three children all died young, and the property went away to be divided among their distant kindred.

This is the end of my story.

CONFESSIONS OF A BACHELOR.

In my young days I had a friend named Chinny Hub. Or rather, his name was Hubbell, and he had a long chin; so he was nicknamed Chinny Hub. Our best amusements then were fishing and swimming. One morning, with my seasoned ironwood—cane rods were then too dear a luxury—a cork stolen from my pious aunt's molasses jug, and a round tin box that once had held Frank Miller's blacking, I sought the indispensable Chinny. I found him pulling weeds out of a garden-bed, and his credulous parents, no doubt, believed that he would continue to do so. Every time the pulling of his weeds brought up a worm he sighed. At length he found one lustier than the rest. He took it up carefully, gazed on it with a grim kind of affection, swung it aloft and said with energy, "That's for a bull-head—hey, Mag, fetch the shovel quicker'n blazes!" Chinny's language had its peculiarities.

But "Mag" brought the shovel. She was much afraid of the squirming worms, and the consequence was that Chinny accidentally threw a great many of them around near her feet, and he actually dropped a handful of them on her head. Of course I had to see that they did not harm her; and the result of it all was that when the bait-box was full, and after I had protected her against half a hundred angler's worms, she seemed to have confidence in me, and we were well acquainted. I caught few fish that day. Chinny called out half a dozen times, "Your p'int's bare! Don't you know how to bait a hook better'n that?" My line got fastened to a snag. I moved the end of my rod around in the water, this way and that, and in a circle, as if I were stirring porridge. "What y' tryin' to do?" said Chinny. Trying to get loose. "Oh, I thought y' was tryin' to wind the river up around yer pole," grinned he, as he shoved up his cork and threw in deep for bigger fish. But I didn't tell him I was thinking all the time about his sister.

My friendship for Chinny was a passport to the Hubbell premises on all occasions. For several years I saw Maggie often, and liked her each time better than the last. How many times I turned my mouth inside out to make the bitter dandelion stems curl for her! How many green May-apples I have put in bran and in the hay-mow, waiting patiently till they turned yellow! and how willingly would I have changed myself to a May-apple, and lain a month in bran and in the hay-mow to have met a fate like theirs between her delicious lips! She went fishing with us sometimes. Chinny always told her to stay at home; there was no use in our going if she went along. Chinny held that all girls knew was just enough to get the hooks fast, and tip over the bait-box, and raise the devil with the lines. And a girl never knew when to pull; she was always too late, and then the next time she'd jerk at a nibble.

Mr. Hubbell became moderately wealthy, or, as his neighbors said, "cumf't'ble," though not through his son's exertions on the farm, and removed to town. I took an affectionate farewell of Chinny, and bore myself like a man. But Maggie. The day before they went we had a long walk in the meadow. We pulled in pieces a great many buttercups and clover blooms, and talked a little about the town to which she was going, which had a wharf and a steamboat running to New York. But it was the stillest walk we ever had. If either made the attempt to say a humorous thing, it was a dead failure. Our hearts were in our mouths every time we opened them to speak. I believe the pleasantest thing she told me was a tradition about one of her father's ancestors who had died in Bedlam. But the memory of our parting is too sacred to be written—I kissed her at the gate, and on the morrow she was gone.

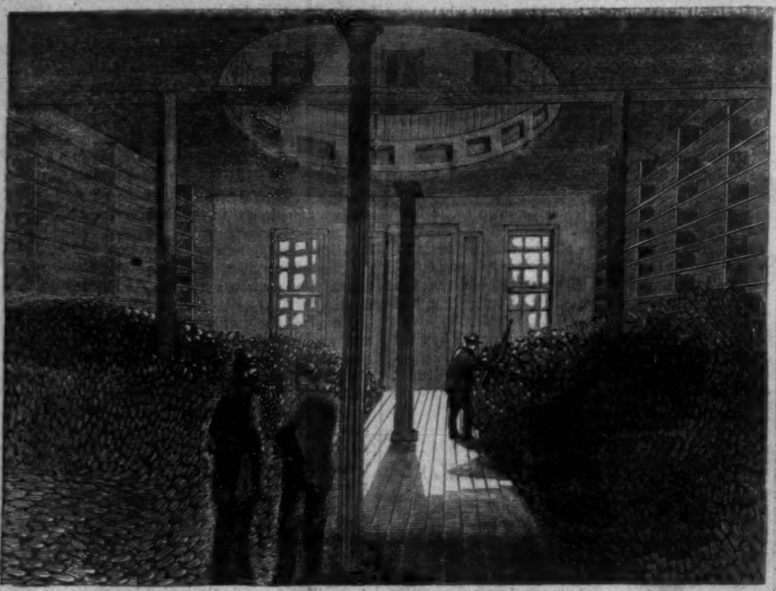
Could I remain in that dull neighborhood when its only charm had flown? What else could I do? I had read of ambitious youths, who had gone hither and thither across the world to seek their fortunes. And they always found them; I had never read of one who failed. When I thought of Maggie the thought fairly drove me mad. She would grow up as a lady should; I would grow up an awkward booby. She would be familiar with the very highest and finest social life; I would know little outside of our dull hamlet. I could study there, but I had learned even then that books would lie: of what use were they to one who did not know the men who made them, and the world from whence they came? I did not doubt the truth of Maggie, but I knew that I would soon become unfit for her. It was not enough that I should be virtuous; that might do for a woman, but a man must be something more. "Poor but honest," looked well in the books that I had read, but I knew it would not do in real life. Why does not the world say, "Rich but honest?" Maggie had gone forever, and there was no more beauty in the places we had known. Or, rather, there was a new beauty, a new meaning; for the first time I felt myself a man. Old things must go.

Hope, fear, determination, regret, how they struggled in my breast as for the first time I turned my back on the old place where lay all I had known of the world and life! I gained the top of the hill, looked back once, and passed on down. I hesitated at the bottom, and sat down on the bank. When I looked back from the hill's top I clenched my mouth and swelled my breast with what I thought to be the first wonderful will of manhood; now I buried my hands and face in the dear grass like a child. It was but a moment. My breast swelled again, but this time it was with anguish, not pride; I clenched my mouth again, but it was to keep back tears. God, how much it sometimes costs to be a man!

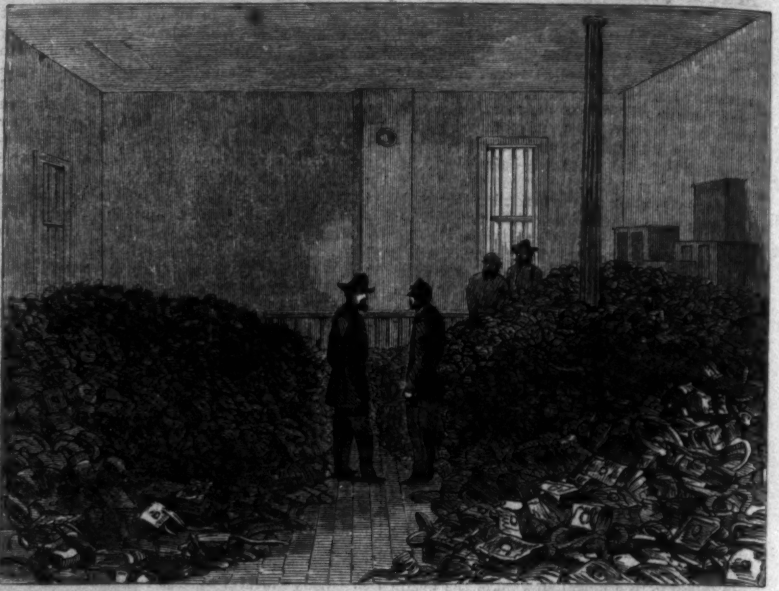
I reached the town where the Hubbells had gone, and was warmly welcomed by them all. Maggie was a trifle more reserved, but none the less sincere than of old. And Chinny: his clothes were cut differently from mine; he had grown thin, and tall, and pale a little; and his vocabulary was even stranger than it used to be. He talked much about smashes, punches, ten-strikes, Yarrows, and other things of which I was obliged to confess some ignorance. But he had the same good soul as ever. After tea he said that he would "show me round." So we made an interesting circuit of billiard-rooms, bowling-alleys, livery-stables, and beer-shops, with all of which I assured him I was highly delighted. I reminded him several times that Maggie would be waiting for us in the parlor, but each time it was altogether too early for that sort of thing—go to one place more—hadn't seen half—must be put through—fetch up 'bout the time old folks turned in—Mag 'ud wait—all be jolly then. My fears were realized. Chinny didn't wait until he got home before being "jolly." And my own head felt as if it might have made a very good balloon; but Chinny assured me in his elegant way that I was straight as a string, and I assured Chinny that he was all right, excepting that he talked too much. At last we were at home, where Maggie stood waiting in the rose-wreathed doorway like an angel at the gate of heaven. She needed no apology for being left so long alone; she knew her brother's failings, and comprehended matters in a moment. And Chinny could find no words sufficient to express the amount of blame he took upon himself, assuring Maggie frequently that he was all right, and that I was all right, and that every thing was all right. A maiden aunt of Chinny's, whom I had never seen before, came in as she retired to say good-night, whereupon Chinny commenced with great perspicuity to tell her of a "funny thing 'at 'appened jes he come out 'e 'otel. He thought he would jes lean up agins' 'e hitchin'-pos' a minit; an' jes he went to stiddy himself agins' 'e hitchin'-pos' 'e hitchin'-pos' s-s-sniggered an' walked off!" "Oh, what *would* your mother say if she should see you?" tenderly inquired the maiden aunt. At which Chinny proceeded to inform her that if his mother should only see him at that moment she would undoubtedly say he was drunk. Of Miss Hubbell the elder I had heard her nephew often speak, irreverently stating that she was "their guardian angel and family physician." She never laughed except upon mature deliberation, and without first weighing the merits of a joke to see that she would get repaid in case she ventured to indulge in her small methodical smile. In no case was her laugh so radical as to reveal the interval between the molars and incisors of her upper jaw. Over her organ of firmness the hair was parted in the form of an isosceles, and about the reason for this peculiarity of combing Chinny took particular delight in questioning her. As to her opinion of Chinny, she affirmed that she should be disappointed if he did not come to some dishonorable end. Observing Maggie speaking aside to him for a moment, she paused at the threshold to inquire what it was his sister had been pouring into his ear. To which Chinny serenely replied, that she had "never poured any thing into his ear excep' some turp'ntine once, when there was a bug in there."

Next morning, after a good-by to Mr. Hubbell and to Maggie in the hall, Chinny and his mother and affectionate aunt went with me to the wharf. Good-by again. The bell rang, the engines groaned, the great wheels moved. I was cut loose from all I knew and loved on earth. Below the wharf some distance a public park extended to the water's edge, terminating in a rocky bank and a beautiful beach. We were passing this picturesque bit of shore; I was leaning eagerly over the netting to take a last look at the receding people on the wharf, and of the fading town, when there, upon the nearest point below the park, as graceful as the light-footed plovers round her, I saw Maggie. I swung my hat. She saw me then, and raised her white hand. I have parted from a thousand friends since then, but no parting ever was like this.

Among the sayings of great Dr. Johnson is the one that we perform no act, though trivial in itself, for the last time, without regret. The force and beauty of these words so much impressed De Quincey that he quotes them in his marvelous Confessions as the finest which their author ever uttered, in that they evince deep human feeling. There is no man in the world who has not felt their truth. Years ago, perhaps, you knew the pressure of a lip, and of a hand, whiter and softer than your own, which one sad day was folded over a true heart, and went into the village grave-yard. You had felt the same a hundred times before; but how that last kiss, that farewell pressure of the hand, will live when all the hundred others are forgotten! And so there is no language of words, there is nothing in the possibilities of any art, that can reproduce the picture of that girl standing on the shore, in a gentle tumult of excitement, waving her handkerchief, as the steamer trembled rapidly from land. It hangs as far above the witcheries and reaches of expression as an evening star above a clutching child. Close below her feet the waters climbed and fell and climbed again, as if possessed with endless hope. Above her head the sun had disappeared in clouds. In her haste she wore no hat; her heavy hair had become somewhat disordered in



REBEL SMALL-ARMS TURNED OVER BY JOHNSTON'S ARMY TO LIEUTENANT LYSTER, CHIEF OF ORDNANCE, DEPARTMENT NORTH CAROLINA, GREENSBOROUGH, May 3, 1865.

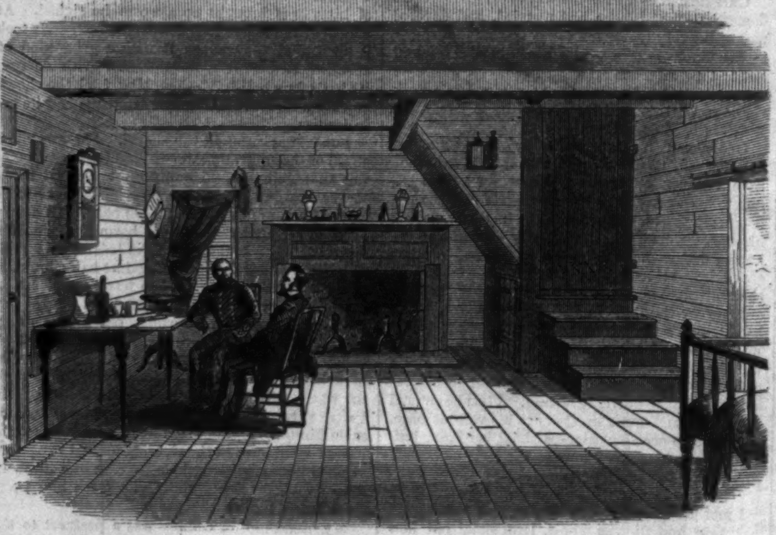


ACCOUTREMENTS OF JOHNSTON'S ARMY TURNED OVER TO J. S. CLINGMAN, ORDNANCE OFFICE, DEPARTMENT NORTH CAROLINA, May 3, 1865.—[Sketched by Davis.]

the wind. For a moment on the green bank, and then the pebbled beach, and then a jutting rock, I saw the fluttering of drapery, the outline of an impassioned form, the last dim waving of the hand. A mist was in my eyes. I had taken the last look of her forever.

I have lived fifteen feverish years since then. The advantages lost to impoverished boyhood were to be made good in manhood. I know not what others might have done; but it took me seven years to gain an education, and then the work was but half done. The battle-field, the prison, the bivouac, the march—I know them all, but never did they require the fortitude of that fierce struggle, that forlorn hope against poverty and misfortune. Cherished objects eluded me. Disappointment followed disappointment until I lost faith in myself. I thought that fate was against me. Perhaps I ought to blush to say so, but I did despair. Then I saw again with misty eyes a white hand in the distance. And lost, still not lost, it is waving to me yet, as I drift each moment farther out on the years widening between. At length I dared wait no longer. Ten years of faithful work had left their marks upon my face; but I thought I saw my way clear in the world. I would no longer fear the future. I could support such a wife as Maggie would be. I would go back to the old town and marry her.

When I returned she was traveling in the South. Although she had not written any intention of leaving home, and I had expected to meet her there, yet a longer time than usual had elapsed since my last writing. She had not expected my coming, and at first there appeared nothing remarkable in her absence. She would be home in a few weeks.

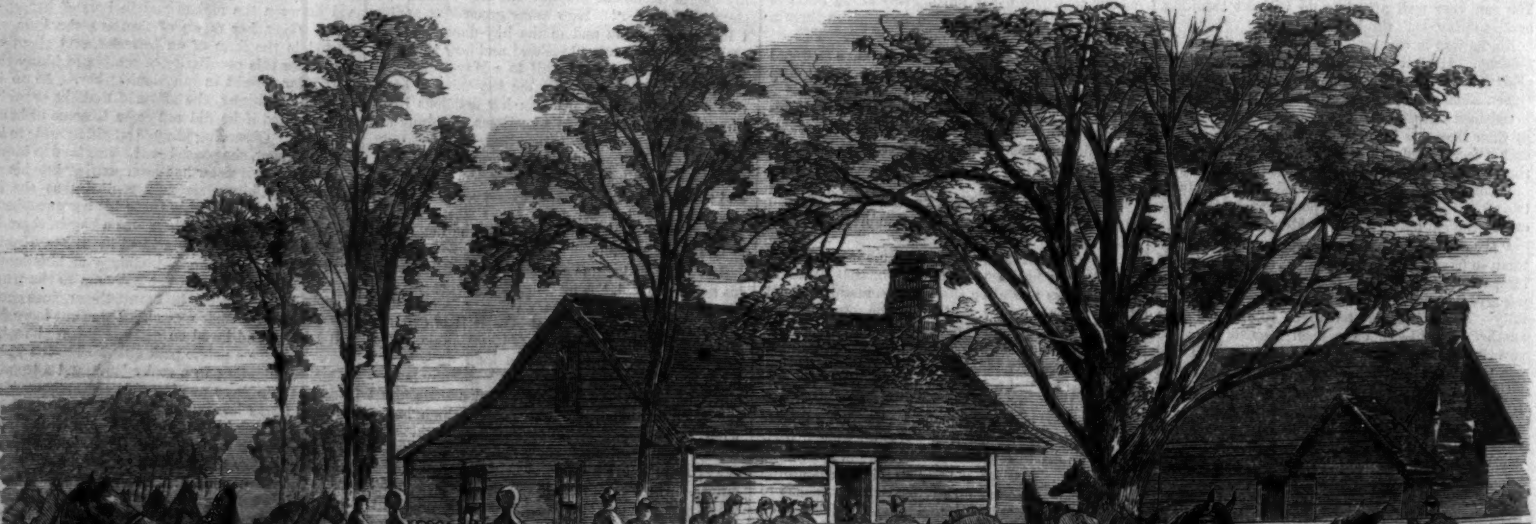


INTERIOR OF JAMES BENNETT'S HOUSE—SCENE OF JOHNSTON'S SURRENDER, April 26, 1865. Sketched by Davis.]

I visited the country place which I had left ten years before. I walked again in the woods, and by the river, and in the paths where our feet had walked together so many, many days ago. I passed through the gate where I had kissed her the first time we ever knew what sad things partings are. The moss was deeper on the rocks; some trees had grown, and others had decayed; many of the country people whom I expected would meet me with outstretched hands had passed into the grave-yard, or had forgotten me, or eyed me as if I was no longer their friend. Next to parting from a place we love the saddest thing is to return again.

Chinny, who was now called Mr. Charles Hubbell, had completed sowing his wild oats, and succeeded to his father's business. He still lived with his father, and my head-quarters, when in town, were at his rooms. Ah, what pleasant hours we spent together, talking over old times! He kept unsoured the same generous heart that had made me his devoted friend in boyhood, and the old spice of deviltry within him was not quite subdued. But Chinny was a man.

I was soon impressed that there was something strange connected with Maggie's departure, something unexpected even to her parents, something which they desired me to know, and yet forbore to tell. A letter was received from Miss Hubbell the elder, who had accompanied Maggie, but none from Maggie herself. A deeper shade passed over the faces of the Hubbells. But a few words were read aloud, yet I saw the letter brought unwelcome news. She could not be married, and on a bridal tour? No. The last lines I had received from her were the fondest she had ever written. She could not be



JAMES BENNETT'S HOUSE, WHERE JOHNSTON SURRENDERED TO SHERMAN—EXTERIOR VIEW.—[Sketched by Davis.]

dangerously ill? No. Her aunt had spoken of a long ramble they had had about a relative's plantation on the left bank of the Alabama; Maggie had seemed delighted with the evergreen Cherokee roses; and the next week they would be in Montgomery.

That evening in his room, with a sad face, between the nervous puffs of our cigars, Chinny told me all the truth. It had come upon her suddenly with a slight illness; his sister was—insane. He told me, too, that among the characteristics of her malady was an intense aversion to me, whom she had loved her whole life long; it amounted to positive hatred; the mention of my name excited her; she would not consent to see me; I was seeking to perpetrate some hideous wrong; I was endeavoring, by some infernal process, to extract the heart from out her bosom, and to put my own heart in its place. Chinny went through with these details bravely, though almost choked with emotion. They had not informed me sooner, in the vague hope that change of scene and climate, and the soothing influence of Southern travel, would alleviate or cure her. But by this letter she was becoming daily more indifferent to all things except those in which her former affections had been concerned; still she passed with many strangers for a person of sound mind.

What Maggie's life has been God only knows. I have never seen her since that morning, years ago, when she waved me a passionate good-by from the receding shore.

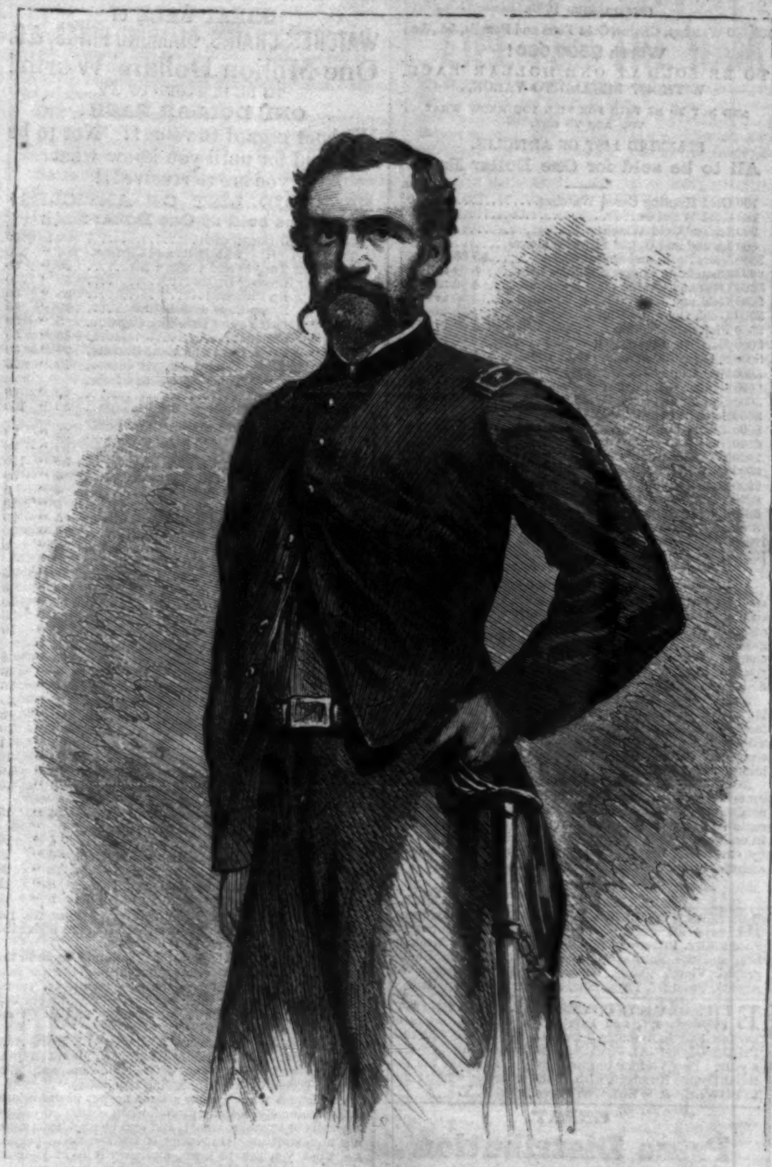
GEN. JOHNSTON'S SURRENDER.

General Johnston surrendered his army to General Sherman at Greensborough, North Carolina, on the 26th of April. The previous arrangement entered into between these two commanders on the 18th having been discarded by the Government, the terms of surrender granted to General Lee were made the basis of capitulation.

We give on page 332 four illustrations relating to this important event. The house in which the details of the capitulation were arranged belonged to Mr. James Bennett, and was a plain, unpretending structure, innocent of paint without and within.

The small-arms of Johnston's army were all turned over to the Ordnance Officers of the Department of North Carolina, with the exception of five per cent., which was retained for the use of the men doing guard duty. There are certainly not over ten thousand muskets, all told, in the ordnance building, and as this comprises all the guns turned over there is a very large per cent. to be accounted for under the heads "destroyed" or "carried off." Of the equipments turned over there are remarkably few cavalry sets; for with the exception of the brigade of Robert Anderson—an officer whose soldierly conduct and bearing impressed even his enemies with a sentiment of respect—the cavalry followed the example of their fugitive President.

Lieutenants Lyster and Clingman, Ordnance Officers of the Department of North Carolina, have these guns and accoutrements in charge, and in their onerous duties have been materially assisted by Lieutenant-Colonel Kennard, late Ordnance Officer for General Johnston.



BREVET, MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES H. WILSON.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY.

The first two réunions of the Paris Spring Race Meeting at Longchamps, favored by the most delightful weather on the 17th and 23d ult., brought together a vast number of the real Parisian *élégantes*, who congregated in front of the principal tribunes with their habitual grace. Isabelle the Bouquetière was there on both occasions, still wearing M. Delamarre's colors, red and black, and distributed exquisite bouquets of white lilac, roses, and camellias to the ladies, and moss rose-buds to the gentlemen of the Jockey Club or others who elected to be thus florally decorated, for a five-franc piece. The groups of ladies were charming to look upon, wearing, for the most part, unicolored costumes of light blue, white, or stone-colored silk, with long trains, the toilet being completed by one of those pretty little contrivances still termed by courtesy a bonnet, although, in fact, only a fraction when compared to those recently worn.

Pearl beads and drops, jet and steel ornaments, and large gold and silver stars, are the usual decorations for chapeaux, to which they are now restricted, the fine weather having almost entirely suspended their application to robes. The steel ornaments enjoy, indeed, a tremendous vogue just now, but persons well informed say that this mode can not last, and that Parisian caprice will very shortly set it aside.

Our limited space obliges us to conclude with a *multum in parvo*, to the effect that the materials indicated for the month of May are, in consideration of the advanced state of the season, light plain silks, spotted muslins, and patterned foulards; and, as to the style of the dresses, they should be provided with an ornamental basquine, a high-necked corsage, and a long independent train, capable of being drawn up by the useful tirettes, the use of which has now become so general.

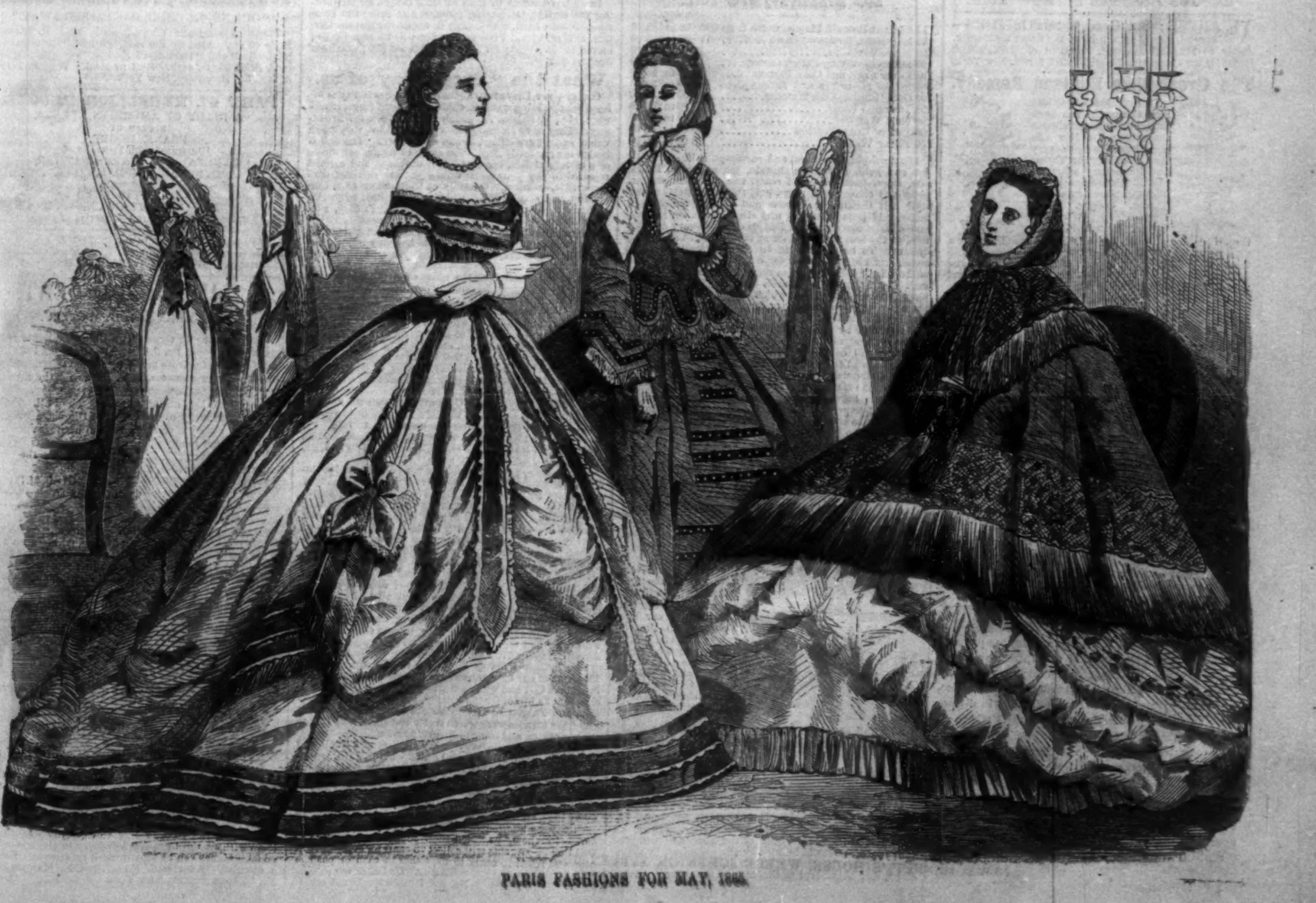
THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Evening Dress.*—Light green moire antique robe, trimmed round the bottom of the skirt with three rows of darker green velvet edged with narrow blond. The ornaments on the skirt, as well as those on the corsage, are also of green velvet, similarly edged. The head-dress is composed of plaits and curls, and is decorated by a small bouquet placed just above the chignon.

Fig. 2. *Walking Dress.*—Robe of mauve foulard trimmed throughout with graduating strips of black velvet dotted with steel beads. A white guipure is placed round the bottom of the basquine as well as on the edge of the sleeves. White crape chapeau fanchon, with frosted flowers and blue velvet bow, is the tour-de-tête.

Fig. 3. *Sortie de Bal.*—This graceful opera-cloak may be either in crimson velvet or satin embroidered with gold. It is trimmed with deep white and yellow lama fringe, the capuchon being ornamented with a very light passementerie and gold-colored silk balls.

The Bonnets.—These bonnets are drawn from the originals. The body of the first, on the left hand of the engraving, is in black tulle, with an ornamentation of wild autumn-tinted vine-leaves; the sides are in rich black lace, and the wide black silk ribbons are golden-edged. The second chapeau is in white tulle, studded with gilt beads and ornamented with a golden stripe. The double bavolet is of white lace, and the large drooping ornament on the side consists of the light material called saule; the wide white ribbons completing the bonnet are provided with a deep gilt edging. The body of the third bonnet is in blue silk, with a deep edging of imitation pearl beads and drops; the shell-shaped ornament on the top is of white lace, and precedes the white saule bavolet, from which depend two wide lace streamers; the long ribbons in front are of blue silk.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1865.

DO NOT WASTE YOUR MONEY buying any of the numerous worthless articles called GOLD PENS, which have flooded the market for the last few years, when at lower prices you can get pens which are acknowledged to be the BEST IN THE WORLD.

Avoid the shameless Upstarts, whose lack of brains compels them to attempt IMITATION, *even to the advertisement.* If you want the full value of your money, call on A. MORTON, 25 Maiden Lane, New York, or inclose stamp for circular.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE NEW BOOKS.

St. Philips—new Novel, by author of "Rutledge" ..	$1 75
Mary Brandegee—a splendid new "woman's novel".	$1 75
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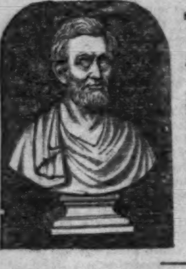

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BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my PRIVATE GOVERNMENT STAMP is on the box. See upon it B. BRANDRETH in white letters.

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100,000 Watches, Chains, Gold Pens and Pencils, &c., &c.,

Worth $500,000!

TO BE SOLD AT ONE DOLLAR EACH, WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE,

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SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES,

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100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches............	$115 00
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200 Ladies' Gold Watches	40 00
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2000 Chatelaine Chains and Necklaces	5 00 to 10 00
5000 Oval and Chased Gold Bracelets.....	4 00 to 10 00
3000 Gold and Jet Revolving Brooches	4 00 to 6 00
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3000 Florentine Mosaic and Coral Brooches	4 00 to 6 00
3000 Ear-Drops (variety of styles)	4 00 to 8 00
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry, Gold and Jet...	5 00 to 10 00
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3000 Ladies' Belt Buckles & Gold Thimbles	5 00 to 8 00
3000 Ladies' and Gents' Gold Pencils......	3 00 to 6 00
5000 Solitaire Sleeve Buttons (various styles)	3 00 to 7 00
8000 Bosom Studs (variety of styles)	2 50 to 6 00
6000 Watch Keys, Fob and Ribbon Slides..	2 50 to 6 00
2000 Gents' Masonic Pins and Rings......	4 00 to 8 00
3000 Gents' Solitaire and Cluster Pins	4 00 to 10 00
2000 Gold Tooth and Ear Picks...........	3 00 to 6 00
6000 Plain, Chased, and Stone Set Rings..	3 00 to 8 00
6000 Ladies' California Diamond Rings....	3 00 to 8 00
8000 Magic Spring and Snap Lockets......	4 00 to 10 00
10000 Gold Pens, Silver-Mounted Holders ..	4 00 to 5 00
10000 Gold Pens, Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00

All of the above list of goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the Certificate, for paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every certificate ordered by them, provided their remittances amount to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage-stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

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MESSRS. FOWLER & WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, have all works on PHONOGRAPHY, HYDROPATHY, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, ANATOMY, Medicine, Mechanism, and the Natural Sciences generally. Also Photographic Views, Albums, Portraits, Busts, Microscopes, &c. Agents, Teachers, Physicians, and the Trade supplied.

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BY THE

NEW YORK GIFT ASSOCIATION,
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	EACH.
12 Elegant Rosew'd Pianos, worth from	$250 00 to 500 00
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100 Silver Revolving Patent Castors....	15 00 to 40 00
100 Silver Fruit and Cake Baskets	15 00 to 35 00
500 Sets of Silver Tea and Table Spoons	15 00 to 30 00
100 Gold Hunting-Case Watches.........	75 00 to 150 00
150 Diamond Rings..........................	50 00 to 200 00
200 Gold Watches	60 00 to 100 00
300 Ladies' Gold Watches	60 00 to 85 00
500 Silver Watches..........................	25 00 to 50 00

Diamond pins, brooches, and ear-drops, gold and coral, jet and gold, Florentine Mosaic, jet, and lava, ladies' sets, sleeve-buttons, sets of studs, vest and neck chains, plain and chased gold rings, gold thimbles, lockets, new style belt buckles, gold pens and pencils, fancy work boxes, gold pens with gold and silver extension holders, and a large assortment of fine jewelry, of every description, of the best make and latest styles, valued at 500,000 dollars. To be sold for $1 00 each *without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you will receive.* Distribution is made in the following manner: Certificates, naming each article and its value, are placed in sealed envelopes, which are well mixed. One of these envelopes, containing the certificate or *order* for some article worth at least $1 at retail, will be delivered at our office, or sent by mail to any address, without regard to choice, on receipt of 25 cts. On receiving the certificate the purchaser will see what article it *draws*, and its value, which may be from $1 to $500, and can then send $1, and receive the article named, or can choose *any other* one article on our list of the same value. No blanks. Every purchaser gets value. Parties dealing with us may depend on having prompt returns, and the article drawn will be immediately sent to any address by return mail or express. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. Six certificates for $1, 13 for $2. Agents wanted. Send a stamp for a circular. All letters should be addressed,

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All the Army Badges now Ready.

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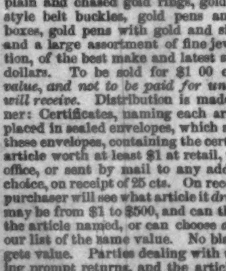

I will send on the receipt of $1 50 the Regulation Badge for either Corps or Div. in the Army (pure coin silver), except the 15th, which is $2. I will also send the new Memorial Medallion of our late President on the receipt of 50 cts. Also the Richmond Medal, giving the date of its capture and true likeness of Gen. Grant, I will send for 50 cts. I manufacture to order and keep constantly on hand a full assortment of fine Badges. *Agents wanted.* With order I will send my wholesale illustrated circular to Agents.

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GREAT SALE of
WATCHES, CHAINS, DIAMOND RINGS, &C.
One Million Dollars' Worth!
TO BE DISPOSED OF AT
ONE DOLLAR EACH!
Without regard to value!! Not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive!!!

SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES!
All to be sold at One Dollar Each!!

300 Musical Boxes, each	$20	to	$150
150 " " with Bells and Castinets	200	"	500
500 Silver Teapots and Coffee Urns	20	"	50
500 " Chafing Dishes......................	30	"	100
1000 " Ice Pitchers.........................	20	"	50
2500 " Syrup Cups with Salvers.........	20	"	50
5000 " Goblets and Drinking Cups.....	5	"	50
3000 " Castors..............................	15	"	50
2000 " Fruit, Card and Cake Baskets.	20	"	50
5000 Dozen Silver Tea Spoons, per dozen..	10	"	20
10,000 " " Table Spoons and forks, per dozen..................................	20	"	40
250 Gents' Gold Hunting-Case Watches..	50	"	150
250 Ladies' Gold and Enameled Hunting-Case Watches..............................	35	"	70
500 Gents' Hunting-Case Silver Watches.	35	"	70
200 Diamond Rings.............................	50	"	100
5,000 Gold Vest and Neck Chains	4	"	30
3,000 Gold Oval Band Bracelets	4	"	8
5,000 Jet and Gold Bracelets	6	"	10
2,000 Chatelaine Chains and Guard Chains	5	"	20
7,000 Solitaire and Gold Brooches	4	"	10
5,000 Coral, Opal, and Emerald Brooches...	4	"	8
5,000 Mosaic, Jet, Lava, and Florentine Ear Drops..	4	"	8
7,500 Coral, Opal, and Emerald Ear Drops.	4	"	6
4,000 California Diamond Breast-Pins	2 50	"	10
3,000 Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys	2 50	"	8
4,000 Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides...........	3	"	10
5,000 Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, etc.	3	"	8
3,000 Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc..........	4	"	6
10,000 Miniature Lockets	2 50	"	10
4,000 " " Magic Spring	10	"	20
3,000 Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc.........	2	"	8
5,000 Plain Gold Rings	4	"	10
5,000 Chased Gold Rings	4	"	11
10,000 Stone Set and Signet Rings..........	2 50	"	10
10,000 California Diamond Rings	2	"	10
7,500 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jet and Gold ..	5	"	15
6,000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Cameo, Pearl, Opal, and other stones..................	4	"	15
10,000 Gold Pens, Silver Extension-Holders and Pencils................................	4	"	10
10,000 Gold Pens and Gold-Mounted Holders	6	"	10
5,000 Gold Pens and Gold Extension-Holders	15	"	25
5,000 Ladies' Gilt and Jet Buckles..........	5	"	15
5,000 Ladies' Gilt and Jet Hair Bars and Balls	5	"	10

ARRANDALE & CO., Manufacturers' Agents, No. 167 Broadway, New York, announce that all of the above list of goods will be sold for One Dollar Each.

In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, through the war having cut off the supply of cotton, a large quantity of valuable Jewelry, originally intended for the English market, has been sent off for sale in this country, and MUST BE SOLD AT ANY SACRIFICE!

Under these circumstances, ARRANDALE & CO., acting as Agents for the principal European Manufacturers, have resolved upon a *Great Gift Apportionment*, to be divided according to the following regulations:

Certificates of the various articles are put into envelopes indiscriminately, sealed up; and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus showing no favoritism. On receipt of the certificate you will see what you are to have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewelry on our list for ONE DOLLAR.

Send 25 cents for Certificate.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; one hundred for $15.

What the "Press" say of us.

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, chains, diamond rings, silverware, etc., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., at No. 167 Broadway. They have an immense stock of articles, varying in value, and all are offered at one dollar each. The distribution is very fairly done—you agree to take a certificate of a certain article, enclosed in an envelope, and are not required to pay your dollar unless you are satisfied with the article, which will certainly be worth more than that amount, and may be $50 or $100. An excellent mode this of investing a dollar.—*Sunday Times, N. Y. City, Feb. 19, 1865.*

Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally known to us, and we believe them to be every way worthy of public confidence.—*N. Y. Scottish American Journal, June 11, 1864.*

We have inspected at the office of Arrandale & Co.'s Agency for European Manufacturing Jewelers, a large assortment of fashionable and valuable jewelry of the newest patterns. We also noticed a large quantity of silver plate, and understand that the whole of these newly-imported articles are to be disposed of on a novel principle, giving great advantages to buyers, and affording extensive employment to agents. We know the firm in question to be very respectable and thoroughly worthy of public confidence, and recommend our friends to read their advertisement.—*N. Y. Albion, Sept. 3, 1864.*

By Messrs. Arrandale & Co.'s arrangement the advantages must be on the side of the customer, for he has every thing to gain, and nothing comparatively to lose. He knows what he will get for his dollar beforehand, and he need not send it if he is not satisfied.—*N. Y. Weekly News, Aug. 6, 1864.*

EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and profitable employment we have heard of for ladies is the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution" of Arrandale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in this way, not only in filling her own purse, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom she sold the Certificates, as will be seen by our advertising columns. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged.—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury, August 14, 1864.*

In our columns the reader will find an advertisement of Arrandale & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches, jewelry, and silverware. In payment of that advertisement we received several sets of the jewelry advertised, and we are warranted in saying that, both in finish and quality, they exceeded our expectations. They turned out to be just what they had been represented.—*True Democrat (Lewistown), August 17, 1864.*

The *British Whig of Kingston, C. W.*, say, Nov. 26, 1964, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some twenty articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to this office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth treble the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

We have seen some very pretty specimens of Table and Tea Spoons, Gold Watches, Ladies' Chains, Pins, Bracelets, etc., which have been sent by Arrandale & Co. to this place for $1 each.—*Angelica Reporter, N. Y. State, Feb. 15, 1865.*

AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps.

ARRANDALE & CO.,
No. 167 Broadway, New York.

ARCANA WATCH.
An Elegant Novelty in Watches.

The cases of this watch are an entirely new invention, composed of six different metals combined, rolled together and planished, producing an exact imitation of 18-carat gold, called Arcana, which will always keep its color. They are as beautiful and durable as solid gold, and are afforded at one-eighth the cost. The case is beautifully designed, with panel and shield for name, with patent push-pin, and engraved in the exact style of the celebrated Gold Hunting Levers, and are really handsome and desirable, and so exact an imitation of gold as to defy detection. The movement is manufactured by the well-known St. Jimer Watch Company of Europe, and are superbly finished, having engraved pallets, fancy carved bridges, adjusting regulator, with gold balance, and the improved ruby jeweled action, with line dial, and skeleton hands, and is warranted a good time-keeper. These watches are of three different sizes, the smallest being for ladies, and are all hunting cases. A case of six will be sent by mail or express for $125. A single one sent in an elegant morocco case for $25. Will readily sell for three times their cost. We are the sole agents for this watch in the United States, and none are genuine which do not bear our trade-mark.

Address DEVAUGH & CO., Importers,
15 Maiden Lane, New York.

Great Sale
OF
WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
BY
A. H. ROWEN & CO.,
(Agents for the Manufacturers,)
No. 36 Beekman Street, New York.
$1,000,000 Worth

To be disposed of at ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive:

100 Gold Hunting-Case Watches	each	$125 00
100 Gold Watches, various styles.........	"	75 00
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	"	50 00
500 Silver Watches	each	$20 00 to 35 00
6,000 Latest style Vest & Neck Ch'ns	"	5 00 to 20 00
1,000 Gold Pens and Gold Holders..	"	15 00 to 25 00
10,000 Gold Pens and Silver Cases...	"	5 00 to 8 00

And a large assortment of Jewelry of every description for ladies' and gents' wear, varying in value from $3 to $25 each. The method of disposing of these goods at *one dollar* each is as follows:

Certificates, naming each article and its value, are placed in sealed envelopes and well mixed. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of 25 cents; five for $1; eleven for $2.

Agents wanted, to whom we offer special terms and premiums. Address A. H. ROWEN & CO.,
P. O. Box 4270, New York.

WHY SQUANDER MONEY on useless articles claiming to curl hair, when you can purchase E. Stockton Wells's preparation for that purpose for $2, which will curl the hair of male or female immediately, and will last 6 months? Prepared at my chemical laboratory, N.Y. city. Address me at my residence. E. Stockton Wells, Jersey City, N. J.

NO HUMBUG. Send 50 cents for a Recipe, which is WARRANTED to force Mustaches and Whiskers from the smoothest face in from 6 to 8 weeks. The Recipe good for ever. Sent by return mail. Address DRAWER 126, ALBANY, N. Y.

NEW MUSIC—"SCANDAL ON THE BRAIN."

Of all the many maladies and many human ills
That rack the frame and fire the blood in spite of drugs and pills, [pain,
The one that takes the deepest root and gives the greatest
And makes the patient venomous, is Scandal on the Brain.

Song with chorus. Words by Mrs. M. A. Kidder; Music by Mrs. E. A. Parkhurst. Price 30 cents, mailed. Publisher, HORACE WATERS, 482 Broadway, New York.

To the Memory of President Lincoln.

"OUR NOBLE CHIEF HAS PASSED AWAY."

Beautiful Song and Chorus, music by J. R. Thomas, Price 40 cts. Also, by the same author, "Beautiful Isle of the Sea" and "Dark-Eyed Norina," two splendid ballads, Price 35 cts. each. Sent by mail. WM. A. POND & CO., 547 Broadway, New York.

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FRANK MOORE.
Illustrated with Portraits of
GENERAL J. C. STARKWEATHER,
GENERAL A. McD. McCOOK.
Price 60 cents.
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EMPLOYMENT, Pleasant and Profitable. Agents wanted to sell "GOOD BOOKS." For particulars, address, with stamp, FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

A LIFE FOR 25 CENTS.

DIARRHŒA AND DYSENTERY.

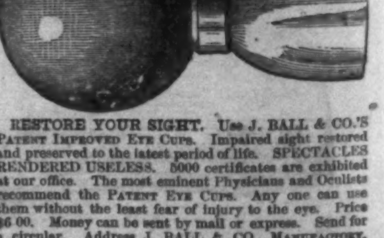
A perfect cure for these distressing complaints can be found in the use of Dr. J. Maggiel's Diarrhœa Pills. For over 30 years of private practice they have been used with almost unvarying success, and are now for the first time given publicly to the world.

The price is low, and within the reach of all. Full directions accompany each box of the Diarrhœa Pills, and if followed closely a perfect cure can be guaranteed. A box will be sent to any address free on receipt of 25 cents. Sold by all respectable Druggists throughout the United States and the Canadas, and the proprietor,

J. MAGGIEL, M.D.,
43 Fulton Street, New York.

CURL YOUR HAIR, LADIES.

The beautiful art of curling straight hair, without injuring it, as discovered by Prof. Robb, will be sent FREE, in his *Journal of Beauty*, which will teach all how to curl their hair in soft, beautiful, luxuriant, massive curls. Address, with *stamp*, Prof. B. H. ROBB, Parkman, Ohio.



RESTORE YOUR SIGHT. Use J. BALL & CO.'S PATENT IMPROVED EYE CUPS. Impaired sight restored and preserved to the latest period of life. SPECTACLES RENDERED USELESS. 5000 certificates are exhibited at our office. The most eminent Physicians and Oculists recommend the PATENT EYE CUPS. Any one can use them without the least fear of injury to the eye. Price $6 00. Money can be sent by mail or express. Send for a circular. Address J. BALL & CO., MANUFACTORY, No. 74 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

$8 OFFICER'S WATCH. $10

Our whole stock of Imported Watches, being of rich and novel designs, are now offered at reduced prices. Single Watches at Wholesale rates.

An Elegant Watch in Fine Gold Plated *Double Cases* Richly Engraved, Turned Centre, Carved Balance Bridge, *English Full Plate Jeweled Movements*, adjusted Regulator, Spring Bolt, Spade Hands, and Fine Enameled White Dial, *a serviceable article* in running order, with Key, Case, etc., complete, and a Gent's Handsome Vest Chain and a beautiful Miniature Gold Locket, to match, with Double Cases, Box, and Glass for *Two Likenesses*. Sent by mail to any part of the army or country for only $10.

A Neat Silver Watch, especially adapted for army use, in Heavy Double Cases, Small Size, *same as the above*, with Key, Case, etc., complete, and Gent's *Vest Chain*, *Engraved Double Case Locket*, etc. Sent by mail to any part of the army or country for only $8.

The Imperial Watch,

Containing a Rare and *Wonderful Combination of Mechanical Effects*, combining within its cases and attached to its machinery a beautiful and *correct working* Thermometer, an accurately adjusted *Mariner's Compass* in miniature, sunk in Dial, and a *Reliable Calendar*, indicating day of month, week, etc., in Case, rendering this Watch a perfect Storm, Heat, and Time Indicator. The beautiful machinery of this valuable Watch is encased in *Finely Finished* Double Hunting, *Magic Spring* 19 *Line Cases* (the outer cases being of fine 18-Carat *Gold*, inner cases of *Solid Gold Composite*), Richly Engraved Top and Bottom, with *Panel for Name*, and Fancy Push Spring. *Genuine English Improved Jeweled Action*, M. J. Tobias *movements*, Polished Cap, *Self-acting Click*, Equal Balance, Independent Actions, Fine White Dials, Polished Steel Cut Hands, and is an *Exact Imitation* of $100 watch, and used by the Royal Engineers and *Officers* of the British Army, as their standard time-keeper. None Genuine unless bearing our private trade-mark. Price per single one, all complete, by mail, to any part of the army or country, $20. CATELY BROTHERS, Sole Importers,

102 Nassau St., N. Y. Established 1855.

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The American Card Company's New Union Playing Cards, National Emblems.

They are the prettiest card made, and suit the popular idea. The suits are Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags. Colonel in place of King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack.

All the games can be played as readily as with cards bearing foreign emblems. Each pack is put up in an elegant card-case, and then in dozen boxes for the trade.

In order that all dealers may have an opportunity to sell these cards, a sample box of twelve packs will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of Five Dollars. Address

AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
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TO THE LADIES.

Use PERRY'S Moth and Freckle Lotion, which is at once prompt, infallible, and harmless. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. For sale by all Druggists. Price $2 per bottle. Send for circular.

BASHFULNESS—How to overcome it. See PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, Jan. No. 20 cts. FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

BARD & BROTHER'S (Established 1845)

GOLD PENS,

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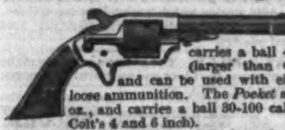

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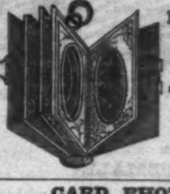

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